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# The GRAPHIC



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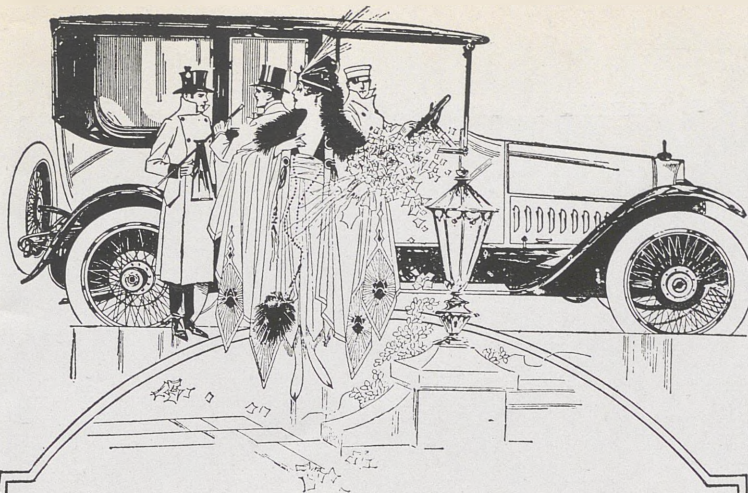
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# The Graphic

**TWENTY-SIXTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION**

CHARLES LAPWORTH, - - - - - Managing Editor

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# CONTENTS

	PAGE
COVER, by Norman Bel-Geddes	
MRS. E. AVERY MCCARTHY (FRONTISPIECE)	- - - - 5
NOTES OF THE WEEK - - - - -	6
BY THE WAY - - - - -	7, 8
FROM BUCKWHEAT NOTES TO MODERN MUSIC, By Francis W. Gates - - - - -	9
GOLF GOSSIP, By Becky Sharp - - - - -	10
MARY PICKFORD AT REDONDO - - - - -	11
C. VAN LOAN, by Walter Vogdes - - - - -	12
AMONG US MORTALS, by W. E. Hill - - - - -	13
THE NEW DENISHAWN THEATRE - - - - -	14, 15
AMELIA'S PALACE - - - - -	16, 17
NEW MODES DESCRIED, by Violette Ray - - - - -	18, 19
WEEK IN SOCIETY, by Ruth Burke Stephens - - - - -	20, 22, 24
NOTES AND HALF NOTES, by W. Francis Gates - - - - -	26
SOME RECENT BOOKS, by Jo Neely - - - - -	28
PLAYS AND PLAYERS - - - - -	29
KENNEL COMMENT, by R. C. Halsted - - - - -	30
FINANCIAL - - - - -	32, 33

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# The Graphic

SETTING FORTH THE TOWN AND COUNTRY LIFE OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

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Hoover

MRS. E. AVERY McCARTHY

One of Los Angeles' prominent women whose enthusiastic work in the Los Angeles chapter of the Navy League and the Red Cross has aided largely in the success of these two organizations.





## NOTES OF THE WEEK

WHATEVER MAY BE THOUGHT of the terms mentioned in Pope Benedict's message to the belligerent powers, it must be admitted that the voice from the Vatican is being sympathetically listened to by all concerned. We are not here interested in discussing the peculiar position of a Pope; whether, because of his extraworldliness he is most fitted to intervene in the war. He has intervened; and his intervention is accepted as portentous. But the making of peace is not so easy as one would imagine from reading only our American publicists. A good many people did not believe that war on this gigantic scale could be possible in the present state of civilization. But we have learned at frightful cost how fatally easy war is; and it is with an exceedingly chastened spirit that we contemplate our civilization today. If we had placed too high an estimate on it, our disillusionment was our own fault. We know now that, despite all our advances toward the brotherhood of man, we are liable as nations at any moment to plunge into bloody warfare at the drop of the gauntlet.

WHEN WE COME TO the making of peace, however, it is not so easy, although the conditions are apparently over-ripe for the discussion of peace. Of the Central Powers, Austria admits frankly that she has had enough, and there is no doubt that from her Roman Catholic element, associated with the Centre party in Germany, came much of the agitation that eventuated in the Reichstag's resolution in favor of peace without annexation or indemnity. It may be taken for granted that the German people are as keenly desirous for peace as the Austrians; and as for Turkey and Bulgaria, it is safe to assume that they would quit, if only their master would allow them.

ON THE OTHER SIDE there is no doubt that despite Kerensky's wonderful powers of reorganization, Russia is ready to abandon the sword, although bravely refusing to countenance the Stockholm conference in any way that would suggest she is prepared to make a separate peace. Indications are that France, or rather that considerable section of France represented by the socialistic element in the cabinet, is ready to discuss honorable peace. In England, the Henderson episode has great significance. It does not necessarily imply that there is a concerted movement to hinder the government in its prosecution of the war, but it does betray a disposition on the part of strong elements to secure an armistice so that there can be a full and frank discussion.

ASSUMING IT TO BE TRUE, as Maximilian Harden is reported to have said, that the decision rests alone with President Wilson, let us try and realize what the

nature of that decision must be. Rightly or wrongly, Prussia is held, by the rest of the world, responsible for this war. We are not here concerned to discuss who started the quarrel; it is a fact that about twenty nations, the latest of which is China, have declared and sincerely believe that the blame for this stupendous crime against civilization must be laid at the door of the Hohenzollerns. President Wilson, having subscribed to the verdict against Germany, has this to face: To accept peace at this moment, when the Prussian is reckoned a victor, would surely be a confession that there is apparently no mortal power in the universe capable of meting out to the criminal punishment commensurate with his crime. Contemplating, as he is bound to contemplate, the enormity of the outrage against civilization, Mr. Wilson might be forgiven if he shrank, as many of us admittedly would shrink, from a responsibility for making the admission that it must go unpunished because there is no power to administer the punishment; an admission of the failure of civilization to guarantee its own existence.

A HANDFUL OF MEN, just ordinary human beings who happened to be in positions of power, precipitated this Armageddon, and apparently the making of peace will be left to another handful of men. The lives of millions of people are concerned, the destinies of great democracies are bound up in what action may be taken by a dozen or so of men, faced by an almost superhuman problem. There may be bitter reflection in all this for nations that call themselves democracies and, therefore, supposedly capable of thinking and acting for themselves. Of course there is a difference between a country where the autocrat gives his people no choice and both thinks and acts for them, and the democracy that voluntarily puts the onus of decision up to its own popularly elected President. Some of us would rather it were otherwise: that the bulk of the people of this country were intellectually capable of expressing themselves through their constitution framed for the very purpose of facilitating expression of the people's will; but there is so much of pseudo-democracy in the political mentality of so many folk in this country that, having observed of recent years what stupidities some majorities are capable of in the way of legislation, we are almost relieved that the decision of war or peace is to be left to the handful of men at Washington who have had training in thinking and acting. A large number of those who voted for him because of the slogan, "He kept us out of war", have been feeling bitter toward the President since his declaration of hostilities; but they must not too readily assume that peace making is an easy matter. Rather should they, if they sincerely trust Mr. Wilson, reflect that, if at one time he was too proud to fight, the conditions now are possibly such that he may be too proud to quit.

ONE THING IS CERTAIN: the time is ripe for a statement of terms from the Allies; and in that declaration we believe that President Wilson has unique responsibility and opportunity. The Central Powers may hold out as long as they are able to point to the fact that the Allies refuse to talk peace on any grounds. It is reasonable to suppose that the President, together with the leaders of our Allies, is devoting his mind to such a declaration. With the United States rapidly being equipped; with Great Britain, better accoutred than at any time since the beginning of the war; with Russia rapidly re-organizing; with France more passionately determined than ever to drive the enemy from her soil, our chances of a victorious peace are higher; but it is due a war-weary world that we declare in no ambiguous manner the terms we are fighting for.



# BY THE WAY

**T**O BE distinguished among so many upon whom signal honors have been conferred by reason of the war, is, indeed, to be distinguished. Southern California just now is doing honor to Captain B. F. Preston, commander of the Pacific Coast submarine fleet, with base headquarters in San Pedro. Captain Preston, who achieved his captaincy last December, is one of the youngest officers of his rank in the United States service. Recently he came to the Pacific coast to assume the responsibilities of his new post of duty, following two years in the United States war college. Prior to this he was in command of the ALABAMA and MILWAUKEE, two of the most formidable of the country's warships. The Pacific Coast submarine fleet, the home base of which will be at San Pedro, will number sixteen under-sea fighters of which Captain Preston will be in command. At present Captain Preston, with his wife and young son, Fletcher, is staying at Long Beach, where they are being showered with such social attentions as the distinguished naval officer can accept during the midst of his active and enthusiastic war service.

## LIVING BY RULE

**C**OLONEL Edwin Frances Holmes of Salt Lake and Pasadena, whose wife is known affectionately as the Silver Queen of Utah, has an interesting personality of his own and believes that he has solved the secret of perennial life. He has drawn up a strict code of rules for diet, rest, exercise and even mental deportment, to which he firmly adheres and with obviously satisfactory results. It calls for a stern abstemiousness in regard to alcoholic drinks, tea, coffee and all stimulants. It calls for cheerfulness and good temper and self-control. It calls for frequent intervals of systematic rest. It calls for mental exercise, properly apportioned reading, creative work, and conversation.

It is not easy to live up to such a programme but the Colonel not only does it, but does it with grace. He is a charming host and never inflicts his personal abstentions or rules upon his friends, but manages to carry them all out himself, and remain youthful and healthy, and excellent good company.

## A BASEBALL HERO

**A**RT Schafer, so long the idol of the baseball world, forsook the national game three years ago and notwithstanding the most tempting of offers, has never relented in his decision. But he joined the Los Angeles Country Club and devoted himself to golf with intense perseverance and such success that he soon became listed amongst the star players.

Artie Schafer has just been called up on the draft, but he had previously applied for enlistment in the officer's corps, and came within the draft before hearing the result of his application. He passed the physical test with éclat, and it is possible he may yet be transferred. A little over a year ago Art Schafer married Miss Worthington, daughter of the vice-president of the Union Pacific. His gallant little bride is bravely content that her young husband should do his duty by the country.

## DOING HER BIT

**M**ISS Kathleen Mahl came promptly to the assistance of the Canadian officers, who are here in connection with British-Canadian recruiting, when she heard their crying need for an automobile. She immediately placed her little machine at their disposal and proved a very present help in trouble.

Miss Mahl may probably go the front with Dr. Rea Smith, the surgeon, with whom she has been associated in this city for three years. In that case a special appointment will have to be created for her under the title of "surgical assistant" as her abilities exceed those of a Red Cross nurse, and women are not yet accepted as qualified surgeons or doctors.

## ECONOMY IN TAHITI

**M**AJOR Matier tells an interesting story of Professor Darling, formerly a professor in the Oregon State University, whom he discovered in Tahiti a few years ago, living luxuriously on four cents a day. He found Professor Darling clad only in a red cotton loin cloth, with his long golden hair hanging to his waist, and living under a primitive canvas home. The Professor resented being asked how he came to be living under such circumstances with the natives; he declared he found his companions very good company and quite as desirable as we so-called civilized folk. When he left Oregon ten years ago he was a dying man—in Tahiti, clad au naturel, he has entirely regained his strength and vigor and stands a splendid specimen six foot two in his bare feet. Under the circumstances, if the H. C. of L. proves too oppressive, the rest of us may be tempted to sample the joys of Tahiti on four cents a day.

## AN ABLE AMAZON

**M**RS. Bertha Lincoln Husted has returned to her home in this city after two months in Washington and New York. While in Washington she took the ambulance course, and won all the graduating stripes, which she is now entitled to wear on her khaki shoulder. Mrs. Husted is now qualified to instruct; or if she wishes, can go to France forthwith. She has acquired a distinct fondness for the khaki uniform, and may be seen thus clad most of the time. She hopes to start a branch of the God-mother's Committee of the League of American Penwomen in this city. This is for the purpose of providing lonely soldiers with letters from home, and is already well on the way to complete organization with the endorsement of the military authorities.

## PLEA FOR COCKS' COMBS

**O**UR very own Brillat Savaran writes:—Met one of the old "timers" about lunch hour one day last week, and in the course of choosing a restaurant, he began pathetically to hark back to the good old days, assuring me that when Los Angeles was a town of thirty thousand there were more good restaurants than could be found in all its metropolitan area today—in fact, as he continued, his theme became a variation of Ferrero's indictment of modern civilization, "quantity versus quality, machines versus men, standardization versus taste" and what not. Finally the Lucullus of other times launched into the glorification of a dish prepared long ago in Los Angeles. He waxed so poetical, and his imagery became so rich, that I am still somewhat in doubt as to the ingredients of the entree, but gathered, however, that its chief constituent was the crest of the bird that crowed its ironical comment on Peter's sudden lapse of memory. Now it seems to me that I remember vaguely, but pleasantly, a Garniture Chanteclair of the Cafe Riche in Paris—Cocks' Combs and was it Cepes and Madeira Sauce! But as a separate entree, —no, I don't recall it. Will some real gourmet supply the recipe, will some courageous restaurateur venture a trial? I pause for a reply.



G. Edwin Williams

CAPTAIN B. F. PRESTON

Brilliant naval officer who has been placed in command of the Pacific Coast submarine fleet with base at San Pedro



# BY THE WAY

**A**DDDED to the galaxy of prominent young Angelenos who are enthusiastically in training preparatory to "doing their bit" in the trenches abroad or upon the high seas infested by the German U-boats, is Perry Wood, the stalwart and handsome son of the Charles Modini-Woods of Los Angeles and Santa Monica. Scarcely past his majority, Perry Wood was among the first of the Los Angeles boys to enlist and he has already had some five months of strenuous training down at San Pedro, where he is enrolled as a gunner in the coast patrol. As a graduate of the Harvard Military School, Mr. Wood has had considerable of the drilling and discipline which is so essentially a part of military or naval service. Incidentally, this young sea-soldier has not only a love of things militant, but he is especially interested in music, and in Uncle Sam's service he is happily combining both. When he is not on duty he is busily occupied with his saxophone, being a member of the orchestra which has been organized among the boys of the Coast Patrol. Recently this musical aggregation of young men has played at Long Beach and also at Pasadena. Friday evening last they also played at the big naval reserve ball given at the Shrine auditorium. The Saturday before Mr. Wood entertained about twenty of his companions from the camp with an informal evening at the summer home of his parents on Hart avenue, Santa Monica.

## BARNHART AT THE BAT

**W**HEN Harry Barnhart was in Los Angeles, he was known as having a reliable self-starter, and a rapid pick-up; as one full of enthusiasm and energy. He was one of the committee of four who were responsible for the formation of the Gamut club, and was the founder of the Apollo club, which flourished as long as he conducted it, and then died. Of recent years, Barnhart has had a new "hunch", and followed it, getting lots of publicity clear across the country on his Community music activity. And now he has carried that into the training camps. Recently 5000 jackies at the Naval training station of Chicago had a song which Barnhart was imported from New York to lead. They had a great time of it, the sailors entering into the singing with the same enthusiasm shown by their leader. Before that, at Syracuse, N. Y., he had charge of the musical activities in a camp of 10,000 soldiers,—bands, and all. Who knows but Barnhart will shortly emerge with the title "Director General of Camp and March Singing", or some such title.

## A DISTINGUISHED CANADIAN

**M**AJOR Hugh Matier of the Canadian Expeditionary Force, who is in Los Angeles in connection with the British Canadian recruiting is one of the heroes who went forth so valiantly from Canada in the early days of the war and returned with shattered health but an unquelled spirit. They have tried to give him an honorable discharge but he declines to leave the service and is here on recruiting work by his own request and suggestion.

And he has had charge of the big training camp at Vernon, B. C. in the interval as well, where he had 6000 men to "lick into shape" and proved so successful that the last platoon to leave the camp held seven men with officers' certificates after a mere two months training. And two of his Japanese recruits won unusual distinction—one a V. C. and another the D. C. M.—the first of their kind awarded to Japanese by the British Government.

Major Matier is an interesting polygot personality, an Irishman with a French name, who has registered in the army as a Buddhist, whose father is a Plymouth Brother, whose mother is a Presbyterian, whose wife is a Catholic, and who speaks Japanese, Arabic, French, German, and any number of curious dialects. He is only thirty-three years of age and yet has seen service not only in this war but in the Chinese Rebellion, and had charge of the official French excavations in Egypt. He has travelled nearly all over the world,

yet was born in a tiny remote village called St. Ruans which is separated from the world by a range of 100 mountain peaks. He is keen in his advocacy of the army life for men, in that he considers there is no better field for the development of character, talents, and ambition. Under the circumstances he is no mean success as a recruiter as may be imagined.

## CONWAY GRIFFITH SEES THEM THROUGH

**C**ONWAY Griffith, artist and humorist, has been quoted as saying that he never actually completes a picture. I wonder how many of us would sense this feeling of incompleteness while gazing upon his desert spaces. Mr. Griffith has been in California some sixteen or eighteen years. Part of the time he has lingered at Laguna, where rugged cliffs become as familiar as the contour of the mountains. Part of the time he has studied at La Jolla and Carmel-by-the-Sea. Painted waters have been made real under his artists wand. They have a rush and roar, and a backward surge. They have icy depth, and power to engulf. Every Sunday finds a host of friends at the Griffith Studio; friends and their friends, from all parts of the country. For this reason he closes shop, and receives on Sundays as a matter of course. During the week he goes into seclusion, and forsakes Laguna for his small studio at Arch Beach; that is, when he is not painting deserts. It is a treat to hear him tell of the evolution of some of his pictures. They are likely to have quite a history; and these associations make them the dearer to the purchaser. Mr. Griffith's brother is one of the four great art critics of America.

## GOVERNOR ON A SECOND HONEYMOON

**T**HE Governor of one of the greatest states of the Union, as provider, cook, lady's maid and butler! What more could a woman want? And yet such was the service received by Mrs. Stevens in their recent visit to Hermosa Beach. Mrs. Stevens has been ill for four or five months, and this was her first outing since convalescence. Gov. Stevens' former business partner, Mr. Carr, offered them his residence for their rest days, and, as Mrs. Stevens said, "we have been having a second honeymoon". The couple were glad to get away from officials and servants for a few days, and in order to be free from the latter, the Governor caught the fish, cooked the breakfast, served the meal, washed the dishes—and went fishing again. He has been undergoing severe strain, of late, in the many extra duties the war has imposed on his office; and was glad to get back to the mere humanities of life, as sleeping, eating, resting—and fishing—with no red tape about it all. At this writing he is already at the north end of the state with a highway commission. And yet some people think such offices are soft jobs!

## "AND WOMEN MUST WEEP."

Gray stocking, soon fashioned beneath my swift fingers,  
As, ever more eager, my bright needles fly,  
You are finished now, but my sad thought lingers,  
Tear-wet, I lay you by.

Where will he fare, whose foot you will cover?  
What foe will he face, as he toils up the hill?  
My heart asks, gray stockings, asks over, and over,  
For my own boy's feet are still.

AMY SHERMAN BRIDGMAN



Anno

## MR. PERRY WOOD

Patriotic young son of the Modini Woods of Los Angeles and Santa Monica, who is now a gunner in the Pacific Coast Patrol

at the north end of the state with a highway commission. And yet some people think such offices are soft jobs!



# FROM BUCKWHEAT NOTES TO MODERN MUSIC

By W. FRANCIS GATES

**D**ID you ever hear of "Buckwheat notes"? Even if you are a musician and supposed to know something of musical theory and notation, it is probable that you may infer that this is a succulent form of music which is best appreciated with butter and maple syrup.

But no! as say the French. Buckwheat notes were a style of notation used in the middle west singing schools before the Civil War. The notes were round, square, or triangular, black or white, according to the place in the scale they occupied.

By the shape of the notes—if your memory was strong enough to carry seven shapes in mind—you could tell the scale location. If round, you sang "doh"; if square, you sang "sol"; if it were triangular, you sang "ray" (as might be; I have forgotten which was which, for I did not memorize my father's old singing school book.)

And what has all this to do with us? Simply that the "buckwheat note" idea was the work of Dr. Samuel Wakefield, about 1825, and that same Doctor of Divinity was the great-grandfather of Charles Wakefield Cadman. See the connection? Indian food—buckwheat; buckwheat notes—Indian themes, "Thunderbird" suite, "Sky-blue Water," and so on. Logical connection.

There is at least one similarity between Johann Sebastian Bach and Charles Wakefield Cadman. Bach had sixty musical ancestors, in his family tree, and Cadman has about as many. Cadman traces back to the days of William of Orange, whose physician was Doctor Albert Wakefield, and who treated the Prince for a cannon ball wound, and on the other side back to medieval France to Roger de Cadmain. I rather think that, if pressed, he would find that his family started with the Briton writer, Caedmon.

But, passing such dead-and-gone features, when you come to Cadman himself you find no pedant, no lamp-wick schoolman no machine-made conservatory product.

He has more than three hundred published compositions to his credit—and he still has about sixty-five years of his century coming to him; also he has the ability to take rank with the best of the younger American composers; and he has the good judgment to live in Los Angeles.

Cadman started on his way to fame when he "accepted the appointment" as errand-boy to the brother of Charles Schwab, in the Carnegie steel works near Pittsburgh. This was in the nature of a promotion, as before that he carried water to the workmen. (Cadman emphasizes the word "water".) Even then he was practicing at the piano and at fourteen, composed his first piece. I believe it is embalmed in the Carnegie museum. By the time he was nineteen he had composed an opera, before he studied harmony. In other words, he had written a drama before he studied grammar. Lots of composers do. I am so sorry to have to publish this, for it may add to the crop. But I haven't heard that said opera was published.

Four years after the elevation to the post of office Mercury, he wrote a piece called "Carnegie Library March" anent the dedication of the Library in Homestead. Carefully tying up a copy of this march with red ribbon, he took it, dedicated to Andrew Carnegie, to that canny Scot and another copy to Charles Schwab. Now the latter is an organist himself, so he promised to give the lad organ lessons, probably by proxy, which promise he immediately and successfully forgot.

Cadman says today that he is glad Schwab forgot it, as now he owes "nothing to nobody".

But he finally got the organ lessons, for he took that song to everybody around Homestead, and cajoled them into buying it; selling about seven thousand copies. Why, the Slav workmen of the mills and coke ovens used to sing it in their sleep!

That shows what energy the young fellow had. They say Schubert used to sell his new manuscripts at from twenty to thirty cents apiece. But then Schubert was a poky Austrian. Cadman would make that much on two copies.

That march brought money to pay for organ lessons; but during six years before he had the lessons, Cadman had been playing the organ, anyway, lessons or no lessons. So you see there is a lot of "doing" rather than theorizing or waiting in Cadman's make-up.

From the time he was seventeen to twenty-one, he was studying the piano; and though he is principally known as a composer, he might make his way as an artist pianist. He didn't have to injure his hand, as did Shumann, to drive him from piano-playing to composition.

In the construction of music, Mr. Cadman is practically self-taught. But he was not exclusively self-criticized. They say self-taught people have foolish teachers; but having capable criticism is as good as having good teachers. About that time Emil Pauer became director of the Pittsburgh orchestra, having formerly led the Boston Symphony orchestra. To him, young Cadman would take his orchestral attempts, and Pauer would tell him the good and bad points of his work. Also, he had the entree to the rehearsals of the orchestra;

and he would study the scores, the distribution of parts among the instruments, and the harmonic and thematic development. That was the best kind of practical education in composition.

In 1904 Cadman's songs began to be accepted by Eastern publishers. They were of the ballad type and struck no new note. But three years later, having become interested in the themes of various Indian tribes, he wrote "Four American Indian Songs"—which met prompt and unanimous rejection by five publishing firms. But that didn't matter for the sixth house did publish them, and they practically laid the foundation of the Cadman vogue. Probably each of the five publishers has been kicking himself ever since.

Following this lead, he made personal research for more Indian material, and has embodied it in many works, the most recent being his music to the play, "The Thunderbird", (first played by our orchestra last season) and to an Indian opera recently completed.

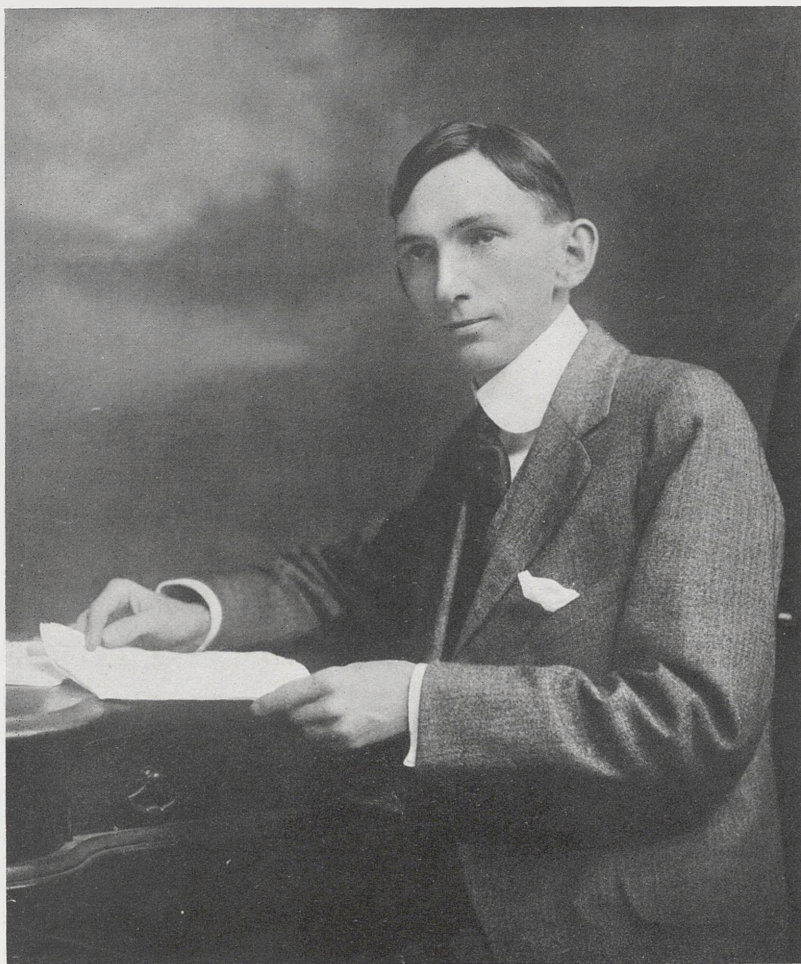
For this subject of Indian music, Mr. Cadman has arranged an "Indian music talk" which he has given in hundreds of American cities, explaining the place music has in the Indian's life, playing the themes, and then giving his development of them in civilized harmonization. In this he has been much assisted by the vocal performance of Tsianiana, the daughter

of a chief, a Creek-Cherokee Indian of Oklahoma. He found her studying singing in Denver three years ago, and since that, her unique personality, charming appearance, and vocal ability have added much to the enjoyment of his concerts.

The limitations of this sketch preclude mention of Mr. Cadman's wide range of composition. He has made a name through the rare quality of his Indian-theme treatments, but his musicianship is shown in still stronger lights by other works, not connected with the aboriginal life; especially his piano sonata, and his trio for strings and piano. He is a composer to be reckoned with, when one considers the American musical growth of the next quarter century.

As I said before, Cadman has nothing of the academic about him—no pose, no affection. His style is that of a very alert young business man, or possibly one might say, of an eager reporter on the scent of a good story—and Cadman knows what that is too, for he did the musical writing on the Pittsburgh Dispatch for several years. And if there is any place where one learns to discount snobbery, sham, pose, it is in newspaper work.

Cadman is a man of friends and friendliness, a very busy fellow; especially since he got that—Ford, is it?—and a good man to know. I'm glad I know him.



CHARLES WAKEFIELD CADMAN

One of the Leading Composers of the Younger American School,  
who has made large use of Indian Themes



# GOLF GOSSIP

By BECKY SHARP

**B**Y GIVING the State Golf Championship meeting a Red Cross tinge this year, they are going to have quite a sizeable meeting at Del Monte, September 1-10th after all. The programme has just been published; and the general entrance fee of five dollars is to go largely to Red Cross funds. This mitigates conscientious scruples, and golfers can enjoy their luxurious annual golf pilgrimage to the Del Monte Mecca with a satisfying "doing their bit" sensation.

Larry Cowing, the State Golf Champion, is attached to the Second California Field Artillery—the Stewart Edward White company of notables, and will be in training at Tanforan, which was his destination Saturday night. But he has fond hopes of being able to secure the necessary furlough to enable him to defend his title. He is going to be as unnaturally virtuous and industrious as the small boy just before Christmas, in the fond hope of winning the concession of undefiled merit. We shall have quite a large contingent from the South, many of whom are already on the scene. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Leeds have taken a cottage at Pacific Grove for the Summer, and the Jack Nivens and the Guy Cochranes are at the Hotel now. I. W. Shirley is also up there, and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Braly, and Mr. and Mrs. Jack Jevne expect to go next week. Bob Cash, Robert Troesch, and Duffy Schwartz are all away on a fishing trip; but intend finishing up at Del Monte for the tournament. Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Miles and their daughter will go again, and so will Dr. and Mrs. Dudley Fulton.

Ed Tufts could not miss it, of course. Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Parkinson and Lee Collins, Thomas and Mrs. J. T. Gilmer, Norman Church, C. H. Dale, J. M. Walker, Dr. and Mrs. C. P. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Redmayne, Mrs. Frank Kegley, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Jack, Mrs. George Midgely, Mr. and Mrs. Morphy and Miss Dorothy Morphy, Roy Tufts, and numerous others are all arranging to take this form of vacation. It will be seen that, as usual, the Brentwood Country Club has a large and enthusiastic representation. Mr. and Mrs. Redmayne will motor up a week beforehand, making the journey by easy stages.

The San Francisco contingent, like our own, will show many notable absentees—Robin Hayne, for instance, is serving with the aviation service in France. But Douglas Grant, Jack Neville, Vincent Whitney, Joe Tobin, and Heinie Schmidt are all expected to be on the scene. We don't quite know how so athletic a young man as Jack Neville has so far escaped; but he seems to be quite safe, until after the State Championship anyway. This makes the North rather stronger in possible winners of the laurels than the South, for E. S. Armstrong and Harold B. Lamb are both among the pre-occupied warriors from this end of the State. Captain Harry Pattee, Lieutenant Bill Bacon and Aviator Craney Gartz have all deserted golf for sterner work.

Indeed, if Heinie Schmidt is up to his previous form, the championship looks very much like his perquisite this year. He has twice been runner-up; and always lost only by a very narrow margin. Much of his efficiency used to be ascribed to his abstemious ways, his milk lubricant, and his early retiring habits. But abstemiousness is getting fashionable now, and he will have many rivals in this department. Soft drinks have become thoroughly good form in the interval. Jack Neville, a former champion and frequent runner-up, is also likely to be a dangerous competitor, especially as Del Monte are practically his home links nowadays. But the South is banking upon Larry Cowing making a stern fight to retain his title. Unless Norman Macbeth chances to go, he is about the only hope the South has in connection with the supreme laurels. Winsor B. Walton, the Southern Champion, has never been a Del Monte patron, but his friends are trying to persuade him to compete for the greater title this year.

It certainly would have been a pity to let the Del Monte meet slide—that golfer's Mecca which stands unique as an annual and fashionable reunion between the North and the South—just one big jolly country house party, with

many prominent social luminaries of the gentler sex from both ends of the State, armed to the teeth with trunks full of advance fall fashions; and nothing to do all day but be charming.

Many non-golfers go up just for the joy of the scene, and the incidental frivolities. The whole atmosphere and the scenic surroundings make for enchantment; no better stage-setting could be devised for airing those advance fashions which, for instance, Mrs. McNeer, Miss Crocker, Mrs. Will Taylor and Mrs. Martin are wont to bring forth for our edification and envy.

Amongst the women golfers, Miss Edith Cheeseborough, Mrs. Hubert Law, Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Raoul Duval, Mrs. Charlie Clark, Mrs. Max Rothschild, and Mrs. H. W. Law, all from the North, are to be on the scene, and Mrs. Guy Cochrane, Mrs. Dudley Fulton, Mrs. Norman Jack, Mrs. Martin Redmayne, Mrs. Arthur Braly, Mrs. Jack Niven, Mrs. C. P. Thomas, Mrs. Frank Kegley, Mrs. George Midgely, Mrs. W. K. Parkinson, Mrs. Morphy, and Mrs. Walter Leeds will make a strong contingent for the South. Although the Del Monte Cup for the women does not carry with it the State title, it is a most coveted trophy, and often more genuinely competitive than the State title. For the latter has to be held either in the North or the South, in alternate years, and so few women players can make the long journey. Mrs. Hubert Law, who was Miss Alice Warner, has usually shared the Del Monte honors with Miss Edith Cheeseborough. They are unquestionably the best women players in the State and when they did elect to come South for the State Championship this year, even with the handicap of our sand greens, they figured in the finals, Mrs. Law winning by a stroke. Our best Southern players among the women are Mrs. Luther Kennett, of Coronado, Mrs. Elmer Williams, Mrs. J. V. Elliot, Mrs. Paul J. Pitner, Mrs. Henry Van Dyke—all past champions—but so far none of these have declared their intention of competing this year. Mrs. Guy Cochrane and Mrs. Dudley Fulton are, however, both excellent players, and may be trusted to give the northern players a run for their laurels. The jolly little Brentwood contingent never fails to win triumphs in the other flights—one well remembers how Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. Norman Jack, Mrs. Midgely, Mrs. Kegley, and Mrs. Redmayne all brought home tangible evidence of their prowess from the scene last year.

And our men players prove brilliant annexers in the Del Monte and other flights—Dr. Cochrane, Dr. J. S. Hunt, Dr. W. H. Cornett, Thomas McCall, J. H. Miles, and W. K. Parkinson, to say nothing of Ed Tufts, usually manage to figure with distinction somewhere.

Thomas McCall really needs this vacation this year. For two years now he has devoted himself to the Brentwood—and it is a course that is not quite inexorably difficult enough to keep a good player on his best game. It has no equal as a beginner's course, which accounts for the success of the Brentwood women players, but of course it lacks championship caliber.

Golf is probably one of the best games for restoring men to health. They say the courses in England and Canada are largely peopled with returned war-heroes seeking merciful restoration to strength. We have an excellent example in Frank Carlisle, who has been living at the Los Angeles Country Club with his wife for the past year. He was quite an invalid, and dreadfully underweight. He has gained thirty-five pounds on a golf regime, and even won a director's cup in the tournament last week—is going round in 90's, and has been steadily shedding his handicap from 24 to 14.

To see our golf courses now, and compare them with the circumstances of seven years ago, is highly interesting. My, how smart our men players look these days. I can remember when estimable and affluent gentlemen used to play round in their oldest clothes, not infrequently with unashamed suspenders, and their nether garments frequently showed the same finger wipes on the hip (after building the mud tee) for weeks. But now, bless you, it isn't de rigueur to possess less than a half a dozen pairs of snow-white pants, and a reckless wealth



MRS. MARTIN REDMAYNE

Who will compete at Del Monte, and who never returns from a tournament without a trophy

(Continued on Page 27)



## MARY PICKFORD AT REDONDO

QUITE a gathering of celebrities was entertained Saturday of last week, at the time of the dedication of Redondo's new harbor site, at the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Frick at Redondo Beach, the former's mother, Mrs. Margaret Frick, president of the Women's Club of Redondo, with members of the club, presiding as hostesses. There were about sixty or seventy guests and tea was served in the afternoon out on the spacious lawn, where an artistic canopy was arranged. The Frick home faces the ocean and the setting sun sinking just beyond the rim of the sea, cast its wondrous glow upon the festive scene, forming a never-to-be-forgotten picture. Among the honored guests who were present were Miss Julia Henrich, prima donna of the Metropolitan Grand Opera Company, who sang at the dedicatory exercises of the harbor and joined in the celebration of the second anniversary of the opening of the great triangular pier and, Mary Pickford, better known throughout the motion picture firmament as "America's sweetheart".



Louis N. Wolnar, president of the Redondo Beach Board of Trustees presenting Miss Pickford with Redondo grown carnations



MARY PICKFORD

"America's Sweetheart" accepting the quit claim deed from Father Neptune, for the site of the \$4,000,000 harbor



Thousands gathered on the new triangular pier while America's idol pelted them with carnations



# C. VAN LOAN, PLAIN WRITING GUY

By WALTER VOGDES

"THERE are two kinds of men in the writing game, literary men, and just plain writing guys. I belong to the second group." Thus spoke Charles E. Van Loan of Los Angeles, and the Satevepost. Mr. Van Loan stood in the Alexandria lobby and looked down from his six foot two, or four. He was happy, because that is his disposition, and because he had just had luncheon with Al Jolson.

Mr. Van Loan has one idea about himself that seems to me all wrong. It is that he is a poor, plain, drab, undistinguished sort; and that no one would be interested in reading an article about him. That idea must be shown up in all its falsity.

Everybody in Southern California, and all the readers of the Satevepost in other parts of the country, are interested in Charlie Van Loan. Southern Californians are interested in him because he is a Californian, because he is Charlie Van Loan, and because he is famous. Any of these reasons is good, but the combination is irresistible. Just to illustrate:

I was sitting in the Alexandria lobby watching the stage stars go by—I had already counted eight dollars worth, at prevailing theatre prices, including Lawrence D'Orsay, —when Mr. Van Loan came along.

The man next to me nudged the man next to him. "See Charlie Van Loan," he whispered.

"Uh," said his companion. "Whozee?"

The first man turned scornfully. "Charlie Van Loan—CHARLIE VAN LOAN—don't you know—writes stories—Sady Post."

"Oh!" said the second. You could see him shrivel. It will serve him right if that first man doesn't give him the order for gilt-edged hose nozzles that he was trying to sell.

Nowadays Mr. Van Loan sells his stories as fast as he can write them. But a few years ago he was working on a Los Angeles newspaper, and his stories, written outside of newspaper hours, were always sent back with neatly printed rejection slips.

How did he break into the magazines? Not in the way that you'd think. He didn't plod along determinedly until his work attracted the attention of some eagle-eyed manuscript reader. He was knocked into the magazines with a blow on the jaw. We were walking along Broadway with Al Jolson as Mr. Van Loan told me the details.

"Did you ever hear of Bob Davis?" said Mr. Van Loan.

"He's the editor of Munsey's Magazine. He's a big fellow, and his favorite sport, indoors and out, is bragging about the authors he's discovered. He discovered Mary Roberts Rinehart, and Irv Cobb, and O. Henry, and almost all the other famous American writers—to hear him tell it. But at any rate he really did discover me, and here's how it happened.

"While I was in the newspaper work in Los Angeles, I came across a few incidents that I thought might be worked into good stories. So I pounded out the stories and sent them around to the magazines. In the course of time these manuscripts wore out, and I had spent about a million dollars on stamps, and collected several barrels of rejection slips. So I threw the tattered stories into a trunk, and decided that newspaper-writing was the work that I was best suited for.

"Later I went to work in Denver, and then on to New York to do sports, and to run a column on the American. One night there was a boxing bout scheduled at Philadelphia between Stanley Ketchel and Philadelphia Jack O'Brien. I was sent to cover it.

"My train was late in reaching Philadelphia, and by the time I reached the ringside, the main event was about to start. I found that my ringside seat had been taken, as ringside seats generally are taken, by somebody who had no right to it. So I just dropped back to an aisle seat three rows from the ring.

"The bout started. It was a corker and everybody was excited. Right beside me was a big bullet headed individual who was entirely lost in the fight. He was for Ketchel, and everytime Ketchel led he'd lead, too, in a subdued way, and he'd mutter, 'Go get 'im, Ketch!'

"The fight was going against O'Brien. All at once Ketchel landed hard, and he hung O'Brien over the ropes just like a wet towel. At the same moment the man next to me, led, caught me on the jaw, and I went down.

"When I got up I said, 'Pardon me, mister, but you ought to exercise a little more self control. If you don't you're likely to hurt somebody.'

"Of course he was all apologies, and he gave me his card. His name was Bob Davis.

"I said, 'You're not the Bob Davis of Munsey's Magazine are you? Because if you are I've got a dozen letters of introduction to you.'

"He said he was that same chap, and we talked some more. When he found out who I was, he remarked that he liked a column that I had been running in the New York American, and he asked me if I had ever written any fiction.

"No, I said, 'I don't think I have, and I've never found anyone to disagree with me.'

"What do you mean?' he asked.

"I explained that I had written a few stories, but all the magazines, including the one that he edited, had turned them down.

"You send them to me,' he said.

"I sent them; and after that Munsey's offered to take all my stuff, and they made me a rate of five cents a word. But I suppose that if I hadn't been late for the Ketchel-O'Brien fight that night I'd still be in the newspaper game."

There you have it—the story of how Van Loan broke in. He gets a great deal more than five cents a word now. When he has a story to write he works from eight in the morning until one in the afternoon. He writes directly on the typewriter.

I mentioned The Desk Job, one of the best yarns, and he told me an interesting story concerning it. The scenes of The Desk Job are laid in Denver, and the story as I remember it, runs like this:

A newspaper man who, in his youth, had longed to do imaginative writing, finds himself at middle age, a city editor, holding down a desk job. Along comes another middle-aged newspaperman, a famous special writer from the east, shrunken, penniless and frail, who has come west seeking health. The western newspaper editor gives him a job; and each day the special writer sends in his little human interest yarns. Then he becomes too ill to write. And without a word to anybody, the city editor writes the human interest specials himself, so that the sick man's salary can continue. The stories suddenly improve; become more poignant and vivid. So much so that they become town talk, and are brought to the notice of the pompous owner of the newspaper. This newspaper proprietor, after long and careful thought, and much heming and hawing, decides to help the sick special who, he thinks, wrote the stories. So he approaches the city editor, and explains flatly and laboriously his plan.

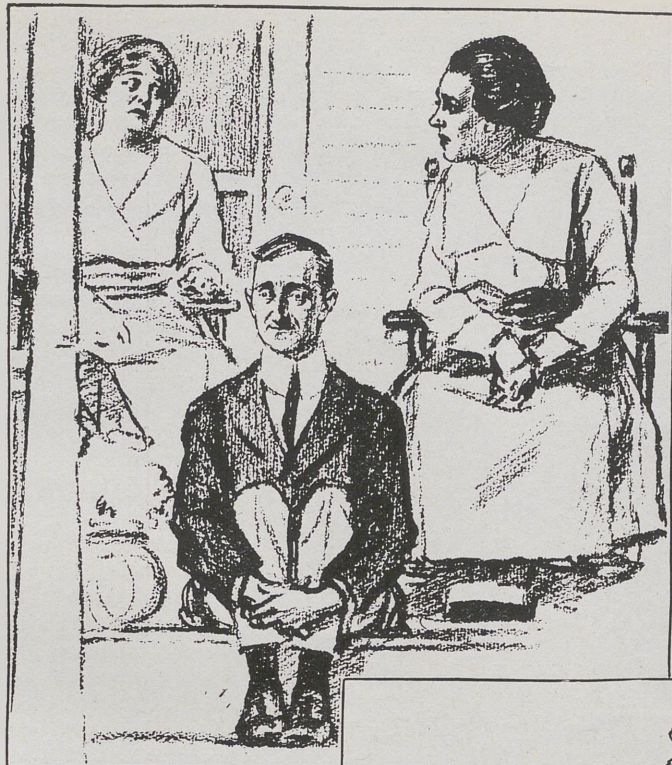
(Continued on page 27)



"CHARLIE" VAN LOAN

With two Hopi Indian proteges whom he describes as "snake dancers but otherwise attractive"





# AMONG US MORTALS

SUNDAY  
AFTERNOON  
ON THE  
PORCH.



IT IS A QUARTER OF SEVEN,  
AND COUSIN LYNN, WHO CAME  
IN AT FOUR, IS STAYING  
BRAVELY ON. THE Pantomime  
IN THE BACKGROUND MEANS:  
"DON'T ASK HIM TO SUPPER!"



THE MISSES HOGATE, WHO  
SEE EVERYTHING THAT GOES  
ON, AND MORE TOO, FROM  
BEHIND THE VINES.



"NOW, FRED, DON'T YOU GO AND LEAVE ME TO  
ENTERTAIN THEM ALONE!"

"C'MON OVER, BERTHA—I  
WANA TELL YOU SOMETHIN'!"



ON THE BOTTOM STEP. "YES, YOU DID -- YOU  
LOOKED STRAIGHT AT ME, STEWART, AND YOU  
NEVER SPOKE."



VERY WARM AND MOIST LADY CALLER, WHO IS STICKING  
TO THE PAINT ON THE ROCKER, AND LISTENING SOMEWHAT  
DISTRACTEDLY TO AUNT JOSIE'S ACCOUNT OF HER SYSTEM  
BEING ALL RUN DOWN.



GEORGE, GOING 'ON SEVENTEEN, AND TRYING AWFULLY HARD TO GET BY AS  
A MAN-ABOUT-TOWN, HEARS HIS MOTHER START THE ANECDOTE ABOUT HOW  
CUNNING HE LOOKED IN HIS LITTLE NIGHTIE WHEN, AT THE AGE OF THREE, HE LISPED:  
"MAMA, CAN THE ANGEL?" "LOOK DOWN AND THEE, IF I THROW THEM A KITH!"



# A UNIQUE DANCE THEATRE AT DENISHAWN

**L**OS ANGELES has something really unique in the Denishawn Dance Theatre; the first and only one in America devoted exclusively to dancing.

Dancing is both painting and sculpture in motion—and therefore requires a stage adapted to allow for the presentation of both. The Denishawn Theatre, unlike the popularly accepted picture-frame stage, is built with a huge apron stage, which is actually larger than the space behind the proscenium.

The audience is seated on three sides of this apron, and this permits seeing dancing figures from three directions, thus preserving the sculptural aspect of the dance. Too much cannot be said for the rare combination of art and technical ability in the Denishawn School for dancing—and this ability is assuredly an asset in connection with art, when it goes so far to organize and train for the power of expression. The Russians have excelled in their line through the same long process of devotion and study to the Terpsichorean Art. Their schools have reached a development par excellence—and so, too, the Denishawn School has been organized to a point of perfection—though along totally different and original lines. Ruth St. Denis has been a source and stimulus for our American progression along these lines. She has had to originate and define her own historical background. How different from the growth of the art of the Russians, who have centuries of historical and evolutionary development behind them—and an old-time prestige. Ruth St. Denis has built a solid foundation for her art—and upon this foundation has erected a palace of rhythm and beauty, which will grow with years, and with the growing appreciation and understanding of the laws of grace, beauty of line and rhythm, and the love of symmetry and motion.—It has grown, "in a single night". Ted Shawn, her co-partner, has won serious recognition on his part for his successful blending of the technical ease of the Russian, with a wholesome charm which is his own. He is a pioneer in the realm of Dancing for Men; and has created for them dances of exceptional beauty and significance.

The Denishawn Dance Theatre seats 400 people without encroaching on the great space of the apron stage.

The first performance was given for the benefit of the American Red Cross, and the entire gross receipts were given over to the Red Cross committee.

The second performance was an East Indian Nautch, being an entertainment provided by a rajah for some distinguished guest. Native East Indian refreshments were served to the characters on the stage and then the servants came directly out to the audience and served every one in the audience with betelnut, spiced sherbert, and sweetmeat paste. The barriers between performer and audience were thus broken down, without descending to the cheap methods of the Winter Garden. Among those present at the Nautch were Mme. Mariska Aldrich, Richard Ordynski, Charles Wakefield Cadman, and Carrie Jacobs Bond.

Last Saturday evening Miss Florence Andrews and Miss Edith Emmons Kuster were presented by Miss St. Denis and Mr. Shawn in a most interesting

series of dances. There were dances from many lands: French, Syrian, Spanish dances sparkling with life, Greek rhythm in its pure and simple beauty and the gentle Italian dance—suggestive of the voices of Spring. The music was under the direction of Mr. Louis Horst and the program was followed by general dancing for the guests, who were given an opportunity of actually completing the cycle of dances, the historical part of which they had vicariously danced, by some modern measures.

The following is the program in full:

- I. a. The Crescent Moon  
b. The Chattering Brook  
*Florence Andrews*
- II. La Marquise Chooses  
Amongst Her Suitors  
*Edith Emmons Kuster*
- III. Pas de Trois  
*Florence Andrews and Misses Horst and Caldwell*
- IV. Andalouse  
Malaguena  
*Edith Emmons Kuster with Mr. Shawn*
- V. Voce di primavera  
*Florence Andrews*
- VI. After the Tourney  
*Edith Emmons Kuster*
- VII. Frou-Frou and a Polka  
*Florence Andrews with Mr. Shawn*
- VIII. Devidassi  
*Edith Emmons Kuster with Edward Gerhard Kuster*
- IX. Syrian Dance  
*Florence Andrews*
- X. A Daughter of Abraham  
*Edith Emmons Kuster (Violoncello Edward Gerhard Kuster)*
- XI. The Wicked Doll  
*Florence Andrews*
- XII. At the Country Fair  
*Edith Emmons Kuster Florence Andrews Edith Emmons Kuster Maria O'Moore*
- XIII. Valse Bleue
- XIV. Sappho  
(Statue of Aphrodite)

Through the autumn and winter there will be a performance every Monday night, and a childrens matinee once a week.

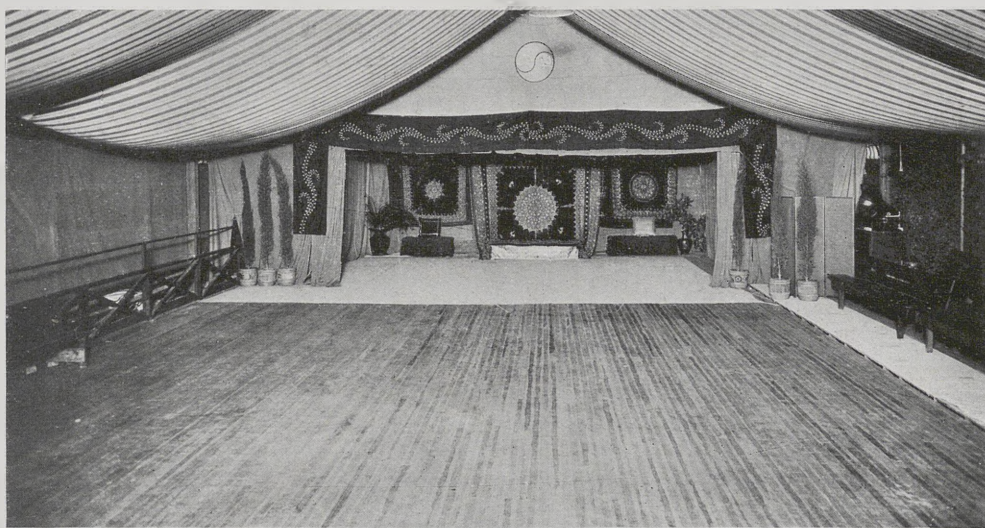
On September 3rd, there will be the final program of the summer session pupils. Each pupil who takes the full summer course has a dance created for her exclusive use, and these will be shown on this evening. Also ensemble work presenting, among other interesting things, Bach Inventions and Fugues in dance.

On the first of September Mr. Shawn will give an entire church service in dance form accompanied by a lecture on religious dancing by Rev. Henry Frank, of San Francisco; shortly after which Mr. Shawn will go to San Francisco and repeat this program under the auspices of the First Inter-denominational



TED SHAWN

Whose charming originality has captivated American audiences—and paved a way for a new interpretation of the dance. The Denishawn School is not only an established institution. It is an embodiment of American ideals



THE DENISHAWN DANCE THEATRE

Is unique—the only theatre in America which is devoted exclusively to the dance. The apron stage allows for sculptural as well as pictorial presentations

Church of that city.

Many more dances are to be presented during the autumn and winter, and the lovers of artistic dancing in Los Angeles are fortunate to possess both the jewel and the setting—The art of Miss St. Denis and Mr. Shawn and the Denishawn Theatre which permits the display of this art to the fullest advantage.



# ONE OF THE TWO CREATORS OF DENISHAWN



RUTH ST. DENIS

Who has evolutionized the dance—has made it more than an expression of the senses. Into this art she has combined the intellect and the imagination, which are essential in portraying the ideal and the emotional in life

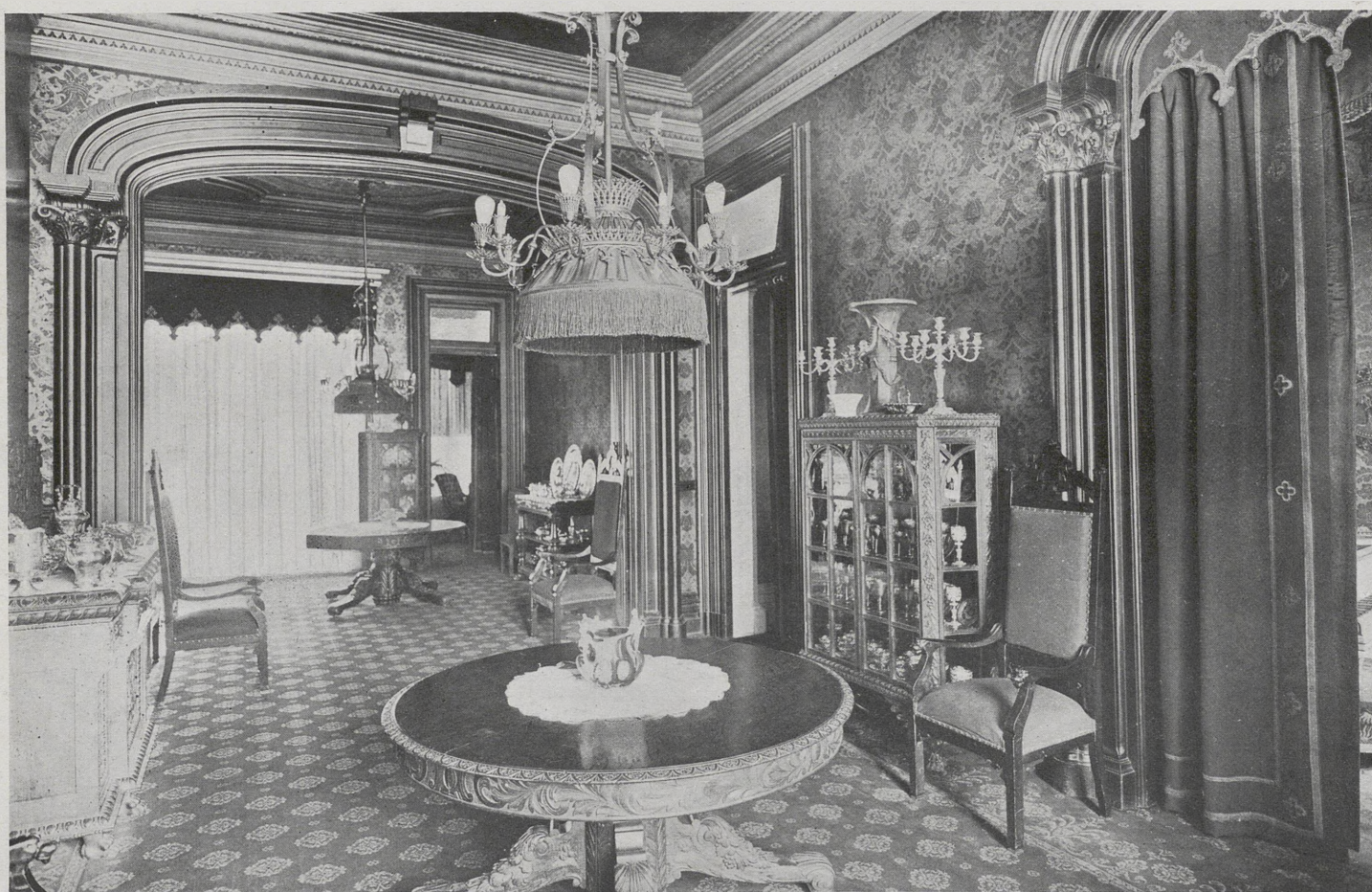


# “AMELIA’S PALACE”—SALT LAKE CITY

THE INTERIOR DECORATIONS ARE ALL TO BE BROUGHT TO LOS ANGELES AND INCORPORATED



The Art Gallery is expansive and well lighted; with all the simple dignity of a French salon. It is done in two shades of red



Amelia's Palace is as liveable as it is magnificent. The broad arches the Brocade hangings, the Aubusson tapestries and the ceiling with its rich mouldings, lend grace and dignity to the dining-room

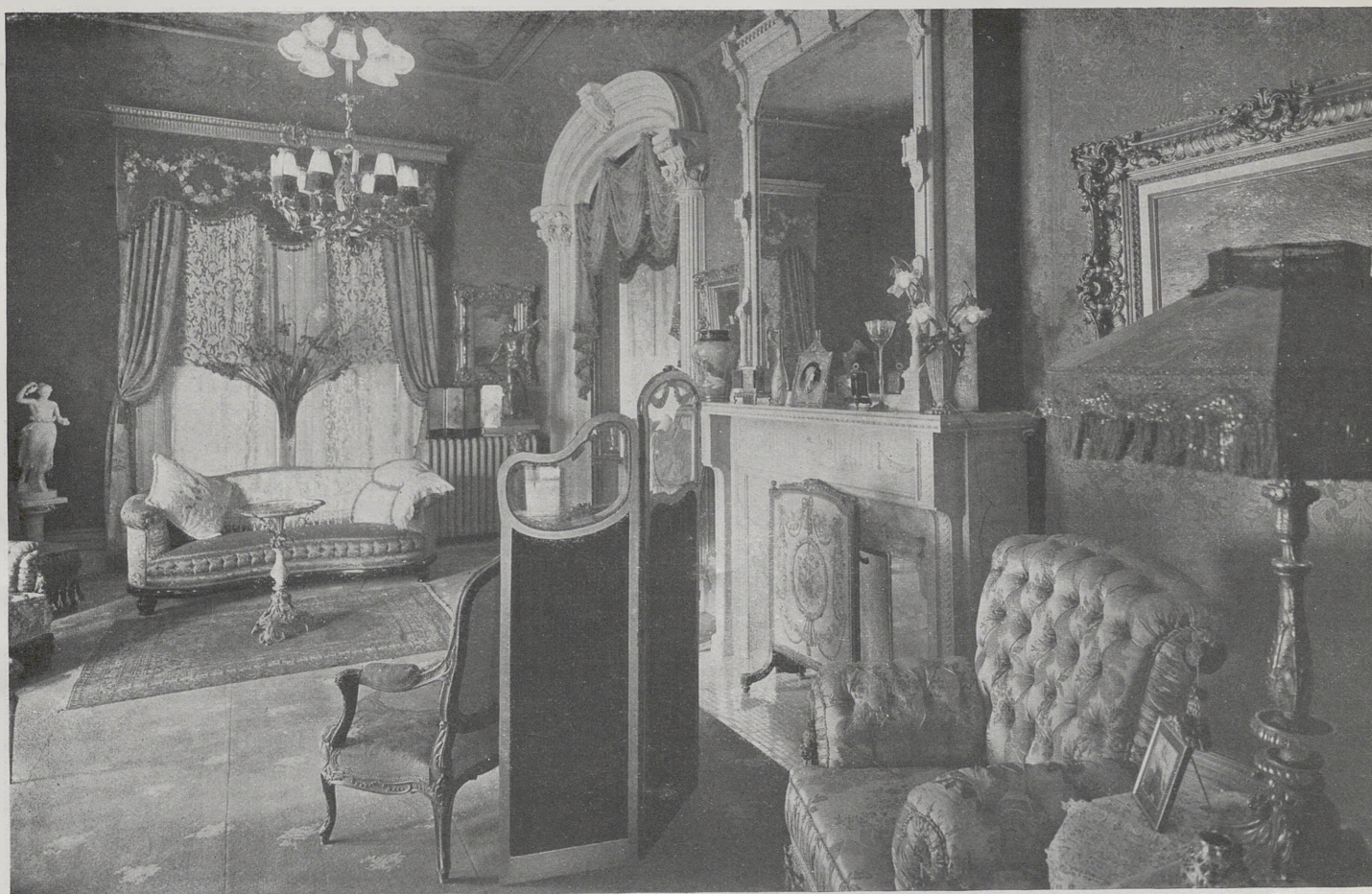


# HOME OF COL. AND MRS. FRANCIS HOLMES

INTO THE NEW HOUSE COL. AND MRS. HOLMES ARE BUILDING ON WILSHIRE BOULEVARD



The color scheme for the Boudoir is rich green and rose with delicately frescoed walls



Of unusual interest is this corner of the drawing-room of Amelia's Palace. It was furnished fifty years ago by Brigham Young. The walnut woodwork was done by the Mormons





Fashion's surging tide has swept serge into favor, so this smart serge dress was found at Robinson's. Black silk braid does its lavish best to militarise the modest frock, but frivolous femininity crops out in the sailor hat whose crown of ingrowing ostrich flues nips it for sea-faring.

**F**ASHION, always dominant, is never militant in any offensive sense. If she conscript a military style, she is certain to so feminize it as to rob it of all sternness. It is as though quoting a formidable adage, she smiles a coy corner of her mouth into making it a pretty jest, rather than uncompromising moralism.

And so the military modes, originally stiff, unyielding to the beautiful, are transformed when surreptitiously into Fashion's fold and become becoming. Brass buttons whose surfaces forebore to hold anything save eagles clutching sabre hilts, translated to feminine attire, polishedly reflect whatever comes their way. Pockets, square and austere, overlapped upon the true military coat, yield ungrudgingly to a lace-edged peeping handkerchief, and belts used merely to be useful along the waist-line of the marching man, become vagrant fancies when transferred to the feminine street suit, where they fasten vainly with a buckle of bright gold that plays at being soldierly.

To sum it up: Old Mars himself must melt in mood when smiled upon by that slyly coaxing, joyful jade named Fashion!

Stealthy though gay Fashion may set out to be, with her deeply hidden belts flowing in an undercurrent around slim waists, to appear at unexpected places, and her pockets secreted under seams and plaits, in one realm of her achievement she works openly. Dressy wraps are, many of them, perfectly transparent. From the raincoat of tinted oil-skin, to the sumptuous evening cape of tulle, the barest pretense of concealment is maintained.

This brazen lack of seclusion is more than made up, in the all-envelopment of in-coming winter coats. The pictured one from Robinson's is of moire velour in the recently revived gendarme blue. The gathered panels at either side the skirt correspond with the fullness of the gathered sleeves, the close cuffs of which are over turned in playful points fastened by velour covered buttons. The high muffled collar reaches nearly to the ears where it is within whispering distance of the dressy black



Reminiscently gendarme blue is a commanding coat of moire'd wool velour. The arrogant hat above it, turns a distinctly retrousse brim aspiringly toward the tiara of paradise fluttering just beyond its reach. Both seen at Robinson's.

velvet hat, whose jaunty upward turning brim is held on high by a long jet spike, with black paradise plumes soaring overhead.

A one-piece dress, seen also at Robinson's is in navy serge which is Fashion's unavoidable decree, just now, for plainly tailed frocks. Flat black silk braid plays at being military, overlaying the pocket flaps, the sleeve seams and forming a small half-rounded cuirass on the waist. Buttons and more buttons, of black bone, march and counter march wherever they can find drilling space. The hat with this navy blue and mildly war-like frock is perforce a sailor, and because it wishes to be elegant is of Lyons velvet. The crown, just to prove that after all the feminine may win more by charm than men may gain by arms, is of fine and fluffy ostrich flues looped into an ensnaring morass of loveliness.

The first new hats of Fall absorb late summer attention, for as every sophisticated woman knows, top even one's oldest suit with a new hat, and straightway the suit is revived.

As a rule, first hats are modest, hesitating, timid in proclaiming any decided tendency; but this season they seem to have gained courage by agreement upon velvet as a basis of operations. But when "velvet" has been said, it does not signify that monotony or sameness will result. Quite the opposite, since velvet may be panne or pile, brocade or soleil, moire or velours, or in fact almost anything long napped or short, fur simulating or satin seeming.

And then, after hats have become velvet, still other things may happen to so vary them that the material itself will not know its own name. It may be shirred, or corded, smocked or tucked, by which means it takes on masquerade.

That hat from Bullock's, with its towering crown, has a plain brim of velvet, and the crown so fully shirred and piled so high as to dominate everything around it might become unmanageable, were it not for that tightly pinching button which holds it in a vice-like grip, at the very apex of its power. That the brim is of black panne and the crown of beige pile velvet, may have started all the trouble—piquant, alluring trouble of a millinery sort—the sort that women love to buy.

The fur coat which is known of it, defies descriptive terms. Hudson seal and martin pelts and striped silken linings and big furry buttons and a collar that just loves a chin to death, and real pockets and flaring pocket-flaps—all extraordinarily en-



Summer lap-linging is a matter of these Balibintel and Hawaiian philosophy there's no season save at the beach. Their city home is

## NEW MODES By Violet

dearing for the reason that one does not wear pensive garments such as this. The scal-skin coat was a fearsome frigid meal sack and intended to defy all styles until it died of old age, when used to make ear-muffs or to trim life. And now, behold the seal skin, as skin adopting every fad and fancy of the

Girlishly military is the picture. Of fine navy blue serge, the trim line pockets and its just-so belt; with its square buckle of gold; its star u collar and its long tight sleeves—little suit as appealingly youthful as bent upon doing her duty by her c and yet unaware of the full significance.

Resolved that it is always summer in Hawaii, their home, and that life is worth living, those hats of Balibintel with worsted flowers and le Hawaiian brush and bright colored down with their laughter, the flower

Poetic jewelry is found at Walton's. A gargoyles ring, a star sapphire, enfolded by wings



of a thieving rook, a topaz in whose sunny beams bask flowrets and dragonfly, and a chain of gems which might be moon's tears, were moons to weep for joy!





s a matter of course with  
Hawaiian hats, for in their  
on save summer, no life save  
horae is Mullen & Bluett's.

## S DESCRIED ette Ray

ne does not expect frivolities in ex-  
s. The time is not forgotten when  
me fright of a thing, builded like a  
defy all blandishments of changing  
e, when its few furry remains were  
rim little Jane's tippet and mittens.  
s, as skittish as the modern grandma,  
of the most recent mode!  
picted suit from Harris & Frank's  
im lines of the coat, with its precise  
with its glistening gilded buttons and  
star upon the straight, upstanding  
eves—all personify this delightful  
thful and earnest, like a young girl  
her country, at whatever sacrifice  
gnificance of the stern term sacrifice.  
s summer in Southern California, as  
hat life upon the beach is the only  
f Palibintel and Hawaiian straw are  
and leaves, streaming gros grain,  
colored discs, which attempt to weight  
the flowing ribbons rippling merrily



Hudson seals are apotheosized in this great coat.  
Many martin skins formed themselves into a willing  
band to add beauty to the garment and snuggled to-  
gether to make the soft, huggy collar. The stunning  
hat which exults over it is worthy of such a triumph.  
Seen at Bullock's.

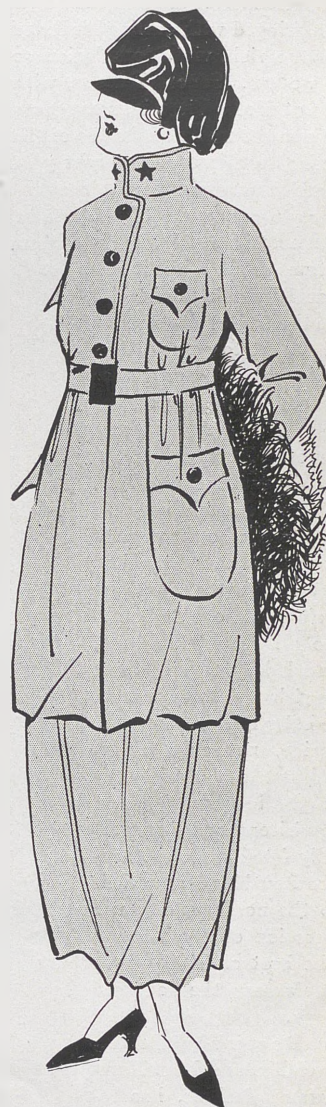
forth from shady brims. Mullen & Bluett's always have a full  
supply of those beach-loving hats.

Glimpses of the first Fall frocks in the richer materials, such  
as velvet and velours, show discretion in cut and line which make  
for clenderness of figure, the revival of the redingote assisting at  
this feat. Then, too, the materials themselves are of the soft,  
pliant sort which add not a jot to the bulk of garments.

The new redingote, cousin to the one-time squarely construct-  
ed garment of this name, is cut well away in front and sweeps in  
in curving lines across the hips, falling in a long point at the  
back, where it sometimes takes on elaborate trimming of beads  
or fur, as it rests above the skirt hem. Then, to still further  
prove the slimness of the form beneath its folds, the skirt ac-  
companying it is usually of satin, in a shade to so exactly match,  
that it cannot be detected, first glimpse, from the panne or  
velours above.

As to Autumnal coloring, first choice is black and then the  
off tones of black—so little off, however, that you rub your eyes  
more than once to make certain that you are looking at grege,  
tete, loam, or other of the many variations running into brown  
or darkest gray, blue or deepest purple, or plum. In fact it  
seems as though, having over-indulged in color for two seasons  
past, Fashion had signed the color prohibition pledge. If there  
is the slightest brilliance upon a coat or costume, it appears in the  
merest touch upon the girde at the front, or on narrow panellings  
which terminate with some splash of Oriental embroidery in silk  
thread or beads. For the Oriental charm still grips Fashion in its  
mystic hold and even velvet and velour, rich enough in them-  
selves to satisfy, are sometimes treated to a soft-pedalled sym-  
phony of hand-work in the rich tones of the Far East. So  
sparing is this embroidery, however, so slightly etched the pat-  
tern that it is as though but the under side of the work arose to  
the surface.

But there! Did one ever make a broad assertion regarding  
Fashion that she did not forthwith contradict? No sooner had  
we concluded that trimmings were few and far between when there  
demonstrated the very reverse in those fabrics so bestitched or  
over braided that one could but guess the material underneath.  
Some of the very smartest dresses are topped in sheerest voile or  
net, chain-stitched in pattern so intricate that one would take  
oath they were some novel weave. Fine soutache, too, so



"Forward! March!!!" Can't you hear the order  
sounding from each brass button and pocket flap of  
this official looking suit? Military the straight,  
trouser-like lines of the skirt, military the golden star  
on its collar front. Shown at Harris & Frank's.

lavishes itself upon the tops of gowns, upon sleeves and pane-  
as to seem part of the goods.

Further study reveals the fact that the more elaborate  
trimmings form part of the frocks and gowns for the more dressy  
occasions, such as theatre, dinner or afternoon, while the ma-  
terials of the be-coated suits or coat-dresses render them in-  
dependent of such accessories.

Since brilliance, suppressed in the more formal realms of  
fress, must break out somewhere, evening clothes are pailletted,  
bead embroidered, bugled without stint.

Furs are richer than ever and more used as entire garments  
the lead taken by Hudson seal, which marries itself to all the long  
haired, dark skins such as martin, bear, raccoon. Among the less  
expensive furs used in collaring coats of cloth are the squirrels,  
rabbit, opossum, dyed skunk and kolinsky. The latter, although  
a made fur, is in the class with the aristocrats, since Paris yields  
to it her unrestrained approval. Kolinsky collars are found upon  
some of the most sumptuous of coats in Hudson seal. Occasion-  
ally, but not often, one sees fitch in the natural shades, but it is  
applied to some garment with which it tones so harmoniously as  
to seem almost a part of it—an artistry admissible at all times.

Poetic jewelry, wrought out upon a line of thought, is be-  
coming more appreciated in our country. Walton's make a  
specialty of such work, as exemplified by the accompanying  
illustrations. A gargoye ring, wherein a scaly golden monster  
is backed by a star sapphire, whips a coil of tail around a slender  
finger. Flowers and a dragonfly worship brightly in yellow gold  
in the as yellow beams of a topaz. A moonstone of crystal  
clarity supposed to have been carried off by a thievingr ook, re-  
poses between the secretive wings of the law-protected bird. A  
string of Ceylon moonstones, matched as perfectly as the rays of  
the satellite, are chained into a necklace by means of a fine gold  
line framing each and attaching them together, as thought is held  
by the lilting measure of a verse, which takes its leisure in the  
complement of a fascinating theme.



# THE WEEK IN SOCIETY

ONE OF the most beautiful visitors in Southern California and one for whom society is vying in its entertaining is Mrs. Francisca Duenas, wife of the San Salvador minister to the United States. Of rare charm, Senora Duenas has all the rich coloring characteristic of the tropical countries. Dark eyes, fringed with curling black lashes are enhanced by a wealth of black hair, and the rich, vivid complexion so characteristic of Central America's beautiful women. Senora Duenas, with her happy family of five children is sojourning at Hotel Virginia, Long Beach, this summer, and is entering most joyously into the many festivities of that popular beach resort. The Duenas, since coming to this country eight years ago have made their home for the greater part in San Francisco, although as minister from San Salvador, Senor Duenas has to pass much of his time in Washington, D. C., and at the same time make occasional trips back to his native country. At present he is in the United States capital, but it is reported, and with every reason for credence, that Senor Duenas's ministerial mission to the United States may soon be brought to an end that he may accept greater honor from his country, that of the presidency of San Salvador. With Senora Duenas at the Virginia this summer are Mrs. Francisca de Ojeda and her own two daughters who have also come down from San Francisco for a summer at one of Southern California's most popular beaches. Senors Duenas' family of lassies and lads, numbers three charming girls and two younger boys, the baby Dickie, being the special pride, not only of his mother's heart, but of his older sisters and brother. These charming visitors are being most delightfully feted while sojourning in the Southland and their return to the northern city will be the occasion of much regret among the host of friends they have made among the Southern Californians.

Miss Rosemary Rollins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Bowman Rollins, has recently returned from Mrs. Semple's school in New York, and entertained at a patriotic dinner party, Saturday evening of last week, at the Los Angeles Country Club. Mr. Watson and Mr. W. B. LaForce, were guests of honor. Both young men are Princeton students, and are here with their mother, Mrs. Butler LaForce, and their uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Felix LaForce. Mr. W. B. LaForce will soon return to Princeton to continue his studies. Mr. Watson, however, plans to enter the aviation service at North Island shortly. Among the guests was Mr. James H. Rollins young brother of the hostess, who is with the naval reserve at San Pedro. Others invited were Miss Julia Hayward, Miss Evelyn Johnson, Miss Eleanor Workman, Miss Marjorie Hines, Miss Olga Simpson, Miss Margaret Mac Johnson, Miss Frances Beveridge, Miss Corinne Eisenmeyer, Miss Katherine Torrence, Mr. and Mrs. George Whiting, Mr. John B. Miller, Jr., Mr. George Griffith, Mr. Wheeler Chase, Mr. Lindsay Gillis, Mr. Teddy Miller, Mr. Jack Winston, and Mr. C. Thomas. Mr. and Mrs. Rollins entertained at another table. Their guests included Mr. and Mrs. Felix LaForce, Mrs. Butler LaForce, and Mr. and Mrs. Louis H. Tolhurst. Mrs. Tolhurst, it will be remembered, was Miss Jane Rollins. Mr. Hamilton Bowman Rollins, Jr., arrived a few days ago for a visit with his father and mother, having a ten day furlough before having to return to the Presidio, where he recently received his commission as a second Lieutenant.

Mrs. I. N. Van Nuys, who has just returned from the north, where she visited her daughter, Mrs. James Page, entertained, Tuesday, at luncheon at the Beverly Hills Hotel, in honor of Mrs. Cosmo Morgan, who is the guest of her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Cosmo Morgan, Jr.

Mrs. Edward Groenendyke and Mrs. Clinton P. Morehouse, after passing a part of the summer at Hotel Virginia, returned to their home in Pasadena a few days ago.

Mrs. John Gaffey, of San Pedro, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Montague Ward, in Santa Monica, and will also be a guest at the home of her sister, Mrs. Dolores Ward.

Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy has returned from a visit of three weeks in Montana, a guest of Mrs. William A. Clark, at the Clark ranch.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph F. Sartori, their son Roy Bushee, and Mrs. Sartori's mother, Mrs. P. S. Richel passed last week-end at Hotel del Coronado.

Mrs. J. Bond Francisco has returned from a pleasant outing at Squirrel Inn. Mr. Francisco, who has been motoring and camping with Harold Bell Wright in Arizona, will return soon.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. McPherson and their two children, who for some time have been living at their lovely rancho near San Bernardino, have taken a cottage at Santa Monica for the remainder of the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Wailes and their little daughter, Eleanor, after a delightful visit to Catalina, have returned to their summer home at Santa Monica. During their stay on the Island, Miss Louise Burke, and her cousin, Miss Betty Garland, who is visiting here from Clarksville, Tennessee, occupied the Wailes home at the beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward F. Prentiss, of Denver, and their two young sons, Master Alexander and Master Edward Prentiss, are visiting Mrs. Prentiss' father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Fraser of Venice. Mrs. Prentiss, who was Miss Ethel Fraser, was extremely popular both at Venice and Ocean Park a few years ago; and her visits to her former home are always the inspiration for any number of affairs given in her honor.

Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Seymour of Los Angeles, accompanied by their daughter, Miss Dorothy Seymour, and her cousin, Miss Grace Kelley, of Pasadena, left a week ago for an extended motor trip. They journeyed first to Porterville and the Grant National Forest; and from there will take a trip through the high Sierras.

Mrs. Archibald C. Macleish left a few days ago for the east, where she will join her husband, Dr. Macleish, who is an assistant surgeon, U. S. N., having left Los Angeles as a member of Colonel Woodbine's staff at the first call for volunteers.

Dr. and Mrs. Edward Campbell, have returned from their wedding trip, and are at home to their friends, at 1717 South Union avenue, Los Angeles. Mrs. Campbell was formerly Miss Ellen Malgren, daughter of Mrs. Augusta Malgren of Los Angeles.

Mrs. Louis Gottschalk who has gone North for a visit will be away a few weeks.

Miss Molly Byerly Wilson is visiting her mother and sister, Mrs. Alletta F. Wilson, and Mrs. Summer J. Quint, of Los Angeles. Miss Wilson has a fine contralto voice. She returns to Los Angeles after an absence of two years in concert work throughout the United States and Canada. She is planning to go to Chicago the latter part of September for her opening engagement there this fall. While in the South, Miss Wilson will spend much of her time motoring, and en route East will visit another sister in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin L. Stanton have leased their home for a year, and will live with Mr. Stanton's father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Stanton.



G. Edwin Williams

## SENORA FRANCISCA DUENAS

Beautiful wife of the Minister from San Salvador to the United States, who is passing the summer at the Hotel Virginia, Long Beach





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¶ Open air school buildings and play-grounds with competent instructors with courses in Domestic Science, Manual Training, Dancing, and a Kindergarten employing the Montessori System.

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¶ And just across the Bay is the City of San Diego, with the architecture of the late Exposition standing out against the blue sky.

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# THE WEEK IN SOCIETY

THE Shadow of War has failed to darken the Honeymoon's caprices. By no means has her lustre been deadened for lack of the light of romance; as the bulk of pessimists are always so eager for us to imagine. There is truly more romance to the square inch through the universe, than ever in the annals of history—according to statistics. Why, to disprove this statement one would have to refute the theory of the gradual cooling of the earth's surface—and failing to do so is admitting that the proportions are in favor of increasing love. There are just innumerable weddings and betrothals. In fact one scarcely has to see them printed to be aware of their being. One of recent date and of much interest to both Pasadena and Los Angeles, was the marriage of Miss Effie Johnson, niece of Mrs. Norman St. Claire, of Pasadena, to Mr. James Worthington, of London. The wedding took place August 9, in the Church of the Angels; and was witnessed by relatives, and a few intimate friends. Mrs. Aubrey St. Claire was matron of honor, and Mr. Aubrey St. Claire gave away the bride; while Mr. Hubert Frothman served as best man. Following the ceremony the bride and groom left for Coronado for a brief stay; after which they will return to Pasadena where they will be domiciled permanently. Mr. Worthington, it may be added, is a member of the Royal Astronomical Society of London.

Then another note of natural interest to lovers, and would-be-lovers, and the Goddess of Love, and Summer as well as Spring is the formal announcement of the betrothal of Miss Helen Wallace, daughter of former Lieutenant Governor A. J. Wallace, to Mr. Ralph Davis, son of the Rev. J. A. Davis, of Hollywood. Plans for the wedding are indefinite. Miss Wallace is a student at the University of Southern California, and will complete her course, returning this fall for her senior year. Mr. Davis is a graduate of the same university; and since then has been attending the Boston Theological Seminary. He has, however, given up his studies for the ministry temporarily, and has been training at the Y. M. C. A. war-training camp. Having lately received his commission as a Y. M. C. A. war-secretary he will leave soon for American Lake, to take up his work among the soldiers; and afterward may go to France.

Another announcement, is the one made very lately by Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Kincaid, who made known the engagement of their daughter, Miss Frances L. Shumaker, to Mr. Walter F. Keen, a young attorney of Los Angeles. The wedding is to take place early in the Autumn. Miss Shumaker is a graduate of the University of Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Granger, whose wedding was a recent event, have returned from their honeymoon trip and are now at the Platt home in Laurel canyon. Mrs. Granger was before her marriage, Miss Virginia Platt.

An interesting wedding of the month was that of Tuesday evening, when Miss Kathleen Clendenon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William I. Clendenon, became the bride of Mr. Harry Waldron Michael, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Michael of Hollywood. The ceremony was held at the Church of the Messiah. The church was decorated in Shasta daisies and the gowns of the matron of honor and of the bridesmaids were in harmony with the flowers used. The bride's gown was of white satin and silver lace, and she carried a shower bouquet of lilies of the valley and roses. Mrs. Leland Irish was matron of honor. She wore Nile green silk, and carried pink roses. Miss Northmore and Miss McKie wore frocks of silver cloth, and Miss Picken and Miss Vensel were gowned in gold cloth. Lieutenant Archie Zimmerman was best man, and the ushers were Mr. Reginald Heggie, Mr. Frank Riche and Mr. Donald Clendenon. Following the ceremony, a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents. Mr. and Mrs. Michael left for an extended wedding trip; and will later make their home in Los Angeles.

Simplicity marked all the appointments of the wedding last week of Miss Martha Peck, attractive daughter of Mrs. Clarence I. Peck, of Chicago, and Mr. Henry Hammond Judson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Judson, of Los Angeles and Redlands. The wedding took place at the home of the bride's mother, and was witnessed by relatives only. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Hugh K. Walker, of Long Beach. Miss Katherine Stearns attended the bride as maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Mrs. Van Kelsey, and Miss Emily Townsend. Mr. Berreda Sherman, of San Francisco, was best man, while Mr. James Townsend and Mr. Van Kelsey acted as ushers. The wedding was planned at first to take place in the east, but owing to the possibility of Mr. Judson being called into service, it was decided that the ceremony take place here.

Miss Hortense Novak, daughter of Mrs. Allen McClure, of Westgate, has Clark, and only grandson of the late Joseph H. Clark. Mr. Clark is a native son, and a member of one of the prominent families at the beach.

The bride is extremely popular in the younger set here. No definite date has been set for the wedding; but it will probably take place some time in September. The young people will make their permanent home in Los Angeles. Another engagement announcement of local interest, and one made recently in Chicago, is that of Miss Marie Josephine Mills, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert S. Mills, to Mr. Herbert S. Nock, son of Mrs. J. L. Vanderberg, of San Diego. The wedding will take place at the Mill's beautiful home in Oak Park, that very exclusive suburb of Chicago.

Of course there has been some entertaining too, although of a quiet patriotic nature. People are too serious these days to call it entertaining, for most of the parties are symbols of a necessary, and let us hope, brief estrangement.

Mr. and Mrs. John M. Birley, and their children, who for several weeks have been visiting friends and relatives in Hollywood, have returned to their home in Berkeley. While here they were the guests of Mrs. Birley's mother, Mrs. Marie P. Smith of Hawthorne Avenue. Mrs. Smith is now at the Hotel Virginia, Long Beach, where she plans to pass a few weeks.

Mrs. Albert Sherman Hoyt, of Pasadena, and her daughters, Miss Ruth Hoyt, and Miss Blossom Hoyt are visiting in San Francisco. They plan to be away several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert C. Robbins, of Los Angeles, accompanied by the Misses Katherine and Hortense Robbins, and Mr. Albert Robbins are passing a fortnight at Catalina.

Mr. and Mrs. James Sheldon Riley, and Master James Sheldon, Jr., have returned to Los Angeles after two or three weeks at Coronado.

Miss Marjorie Woods who has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. J. F. Kent, of Hollywood, left Tuesday for San Francisco, from which point she will sail for her home in Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. William W. Widenham, of Los Angeles, have returned from a motor trip to the Yosemite.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Davis, of Pasadena and Santa Monica, are leisurely motoring across the continent and report a delightful trip. They plan to return late in September.

News of special interest to Los Angeles society folk came from the east this last week in the announcement of the marriage of Mrs. Blanche Davisson to Mr. Charles Burkett of Evanston, Illinois. The wedding took place Tuesday in Irving Park, just out of Chicago, being celebrated at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Loucks, the latter a niece of the bride. Extreme simplicity marked the ceremony, and only relatives and a few intimate friends of the couple were present. Miss Margaret Burkett, daughter of Mr. Burkett, was the only attendant, and incidentally she herself became a bride Saturday evening last. Mrs. Burkett, as Mrs. Davisson, wife of the late Dr. John Harvey



Steckel

MRS. BERTHOLD BARUCH

Treasurer of the Friday Morning Club, Los Angeles, and one of the most enthusiastic workers in behalf of the Los Angeles Branch of the Red Cross Society



Davisson, has lived in Los Angeles for a score or more of years, being popular in society and numbering among her host of friends most of the prominent old-time families. Her marriage to Mr. Burkett culminates a friendship that dates back to the time they were schoolmates in Warsaw, Indiana. Mr. Burkett is a prominent wholesale druggist of Evanston, Illinois, where he and his wife will make their future home. They plan, however, to pass as much time as possible in Los Angeles, where Mrs. Burkett's son, Mr. Woodford Davisson and her bright little grandson Woodford, Jr., make their home. At present Mr. and Mrs. Burkett are anticipating a trip westward this fall.

Just now the air is vibrant with news of the going and coming of the Southern California boys who have enlisted—and principally it is of the "going" one hears. One of the latest bits of news in which Los Angeles folk will be especially interested is of the enlistment of William "Boomer" Forbes, son of Mrs. James Hyde Forbes, one of the most prominent of the California D. A. R. workers. "Boomer" Forbes, who is a graduate of Stanford and one of the promising legal lights of Los Angeles, has been accepted for service in the naval hospital and has already joined the contingent at San Pedro. Another young lad, with a host of friends in Los Angeles, Donald Keith, nephew of the president of the rich United Eastern Mines in which his own father is an official, left this last week for the Atlantic Coast, whence he is to sail for France to join the Ambulance Corps.

"The Cinderella Man" began its second week at the Morosco Theatre with Sunday's matinee. The first week of "The Cinderella Man" broke every record in the history of the Morosco box office, and justly so; for it is one of Oliver Morosco's greatest plays. A successor to "Peg O' My Heart", and by many declared to be greater than "Peg O' My Heart", it was played first two years ago at the Hudson theatre in New York, and remained there for over a year. This is its first appearance at the Morosco theatre.

Miss Minna Gombel proved a sensation in the play in the East, and it is particularly fortunate that Mr. Morosco was able to secure her for this presentation in Los Angeles. In addition, Richard Dix, is playing the leading role opposite her, and others on the cast include Joseph Eggenton, William Garwood, Robert Lawler, James Corrigan, Harry Duffield, Ruth Ryan, Elmer Ballard and Lillian Elliott.

There have been many prominent guests at the Hotel Alexandria during the past week. In the Army and Navy Circles, there are the Captain Burtons, Major and Mrs. Wm. Baird, U. S. A., Lieutenant Paul Al Myers, U. S. A., Captain Paul Arbon, British Royal Flying Squadron and others. Mr. and Mrs. F. K. Bazley and their charming daughter, of Boston have taken a suite for an indefinite stay. The R. P. McAlpines of Philadelphia have been at the Alexandria for some time. J. W. Daly and family of the New York Central Lines, the Singers of Milwaukee, accompanied by Mrs. K. M. Madden, the Herrmans of San Francisco and the Francis Caralans of Burlingame are included. A great many charming dinner parties have been given at the Alexandria the last two or three weeks.

Mrs. J. Grosse and daughters, Irene and Florence, have had three most enjoyable weeks at Del Monte and of course have been very popular. They have made many of the beautiful trips here about and are planning many more. There is a large crowd of friends from Los Angeles and Pasadena and many are the parties planned. One of the most pleasant trips taken recently was to the Big Trees at Santa Cruz. In the party were Mrs. Grosse, Miss Irene and Miss Florence Grosse, Mr. E. L. Potter, Mr. N. L. Lucius of Chicago, and Mr. and Mrs. Carl S. Stanley. There was a wonderful lunch taken along and served under the Trees. Another beautiful all day trip was that taken by Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm McNaghten, Mrs. Aldritt and Natt Head. Leaving Del Monte early they drove to the Big Trees then on to the Big Basin where lunch was eaten picnic style under the famous trees there. The return trip was made over the mountains to Saratoga, and San Jose.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis G. Hunt, of Los Angeles, and their small son, Master Willis G. Hunt Jr., are guests at Hotel del Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Rowan, have deserted Pasadena for Redondo Beach, where they plan to stay the rest of the summer. They will occupy the Georgi Mitchell house on the Esplanade, popularly known as Ainsworth Court.

## GOLF GOSSIP

(Continued from page 10)

of well cut shirts—I am positively proud of them these days. Noticed how chic our friend Dr. W. H. Spinks has been lately? Time was when he considered sartorial interests effeminate and superfluous—but one suspects Mrs. Spinks of inculcating ideas of vanity—with most becoming effect. The only reactionary left in this respect now is Judge Wheaton Gray, who still insists upon wearing his suspenders in view of the populace on the golf course. And he usually plays with "Tipperary" Burns, too, who is the quintessence of immaculate masculinity.

Here are the Del Monte Golf Schedules:—

### SCHEDULE FOR MEN

#### CALIFORNIA and DEL MONTE STATE CHAMPIONSHIP

##### SATURDAY, SEPT. 1:

Morning—Open for practice.  
Afternoon—Special North and South Competition, comprising teams of twenty men from Northern and Southern California.

##### SUNDAY, SEPT. 2:

Morning—First 18 holes qualifying round.  
Afternoon—Continuation of first 18 holes of qualifying.

##### MONDAY, SEPT. 3:

Morning—Second 18 holes of qualifying round.  
Afternoon—Continuation of second 18 holes of qualifying.

##### TUESDAY, SEPT. 4:

Morning—First round match play in all flights over 18 holes.  
Afternoon—Continuation of first round of match play.

##### WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 5:

Morning—First round in defeated sixteens of Championship and Del Monte Cup flights and defeated eights in all flights over 18 holes.  
Afternoon—Second round of match play in Championship and Del Monte Cup flights over 18 holes.

(Continued on page 27)



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**Los Angeles Railway**



# THE WEEK IN SOCIETY

COLONEL and Mrs. Edwin Frances Holmes intend returning with their house guest, Miss Adele Blood, to New York, the first week in September, but will come back to California in about six weeks to open up their Orange Grove Avenue home, next door to that of John S. Cravens, in Pasadena for the winter. Also they will continue to superintend the plans for the building of their new home on Wilshire Boulevard, which promises to be a unique and beautiful residence. For this new home is to be adorned with many historic fixtures of Amelia's Palace in Salt Lake City, which Colonel Holmes is regretfully demolishing. The staircases, arches, doors, and window frescoes are all to be brought to Los Angeles, and the architect has an interesting problem in designing a fine modern home, into which these relics will agreeably merge. Miss Adele Blood, who has been staying with Colonel and Mrs. Holmes for the past five weeks is the very beautiful young artist of the stage. She seems more than reluctant to return to the strenuous life of acting after her pleasant rest in California. This week end Colonel Holmes will take a party of friends, including Miss Blood and Mode Wineman to Coronado. On Saturday evening the Colonel and his lady will be hosts at a dinner party, which will include Mr. and Mrs. Pascall Burke, Miss Villa Burke, Mr. Walter Burke, Mrs. Alma Whitaker, and other friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur L. Hawes of Spokane, Washington, and their three attractive children are visiting Mrs. Hawes' father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Valentine Peyton, of Los Angeles. Mr. and Mrs. Hawes, with their family, motored down a week or two ago, and plan to return to their northern home next week.

After enjoying a visit in Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick J. Koster, with their daughters, Jane and Anne Koster, returned the first of the week to their home in San Francisco. The little daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Koster were the flower girls at the wedding of Miss Martha Peck and Mr. Henry Hammond Judson, which was an event of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Irving Hollingsworth returned Monday from a trip to Alaska, where they have been since the first of July.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold P. Plummer, and their small daughter, are visiting in San Francisco, the house guests of Mrs. Plummer's mother, Mrs. William B. Wilshire.

Mr. and Mrs. Hancock Banning have leased their home on West Adams street, to Baron and Baroness de Ropp for a year, and will give possession the first of September. Mr. and Mrs. Banning are passing part of their time at Catalina, with frequent trips back to Los Angeles, and occasionally going to San Francisco for a week-end. Hancock Banning, Jr. and George Hugh Banning are both in training, the former in the cast, and George Hugh at the Presidio. Hancock, Jr., however, will soon be sailing for France; and his brother plans to follow soon.

There has been a great gathering of guests at the Hotel del Coronado the past week. Many motored down along El Camino Real from Los Angeles, enjoying the varied scenery of one of California's most attractive boulevards. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Francis Sartori, with their son Roy Bushes Sartori, and Mrs. Sartori's mother, Mrs. P. S. Richel, have been guests at the hotel for several days. Mr. and Mrs. Fred L. Baker, and Mrs. William Mead, motored down Thursday, only delaying for luncheon at Del Mar; and Saturday evening, preceeding the ball, they helped to make up a delightful dinner party. Others of this same group were Mr. and Mrs. Willis G. Hunt, and Mrs. William G. Hutchinson. Mr. and Mrs. John Percival Hunt—Mrs. Hunt was formerly Miss Mildred Burnett—are domiciled there. Mrs. Robert P. McReynolds arrived Thursday, joining her mother, Mrs. B. F. Coulter, and her children, Alice and Robert McReynolds, and returned to Los Angeles, Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. Richard J. O. Culver, and their father, Mr. C. J. Kubach, motored down Saturday. They will stay on indefinitely. Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Gardner, Miss

Ella Gardner, and Mrs. T. A. MacKenzie of Los Angeles, have been guests at the hotel for some few days. Miss Gardner has completed the course in First Aid, with the requisite amount of hospital work, which she accomplished at the Good Samaritan, and is now ready and willing to go with the first hospital base leaving for France. Mrs. C. H. Wolfelt, and her small daughter, and Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Faris, and Miss Edyth Hynes, also arrived Saturday, and will be the guests of the hotel for some time. Mr. and Mrs. Atwell will pass several weeks at Hotel del Coronado, arriving Thursday; Miss Margaret May Bigger and Miss Virginia Bigger, are the guests of Miss Frances Keith, of Kansas, who with her mother, Mrs. Robert Keith, is enjoying Coronado's several attractions. The list of notables in fact seems of an almost indefinite length. C. White Mortimer, the British Consul, is here from Los Angeles; and Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Masson, Mr. C. Milton Anderson, Mr. David E. Llewellyn, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Elliott, Mr. and Mrs. A. Brownstein and family, Mr. and Mrs. William J. Wood, Mrs. Margaret A. B. Ham, Mr. J. C. Pellesier are among the summer visitors at the Hotel del Coronado.

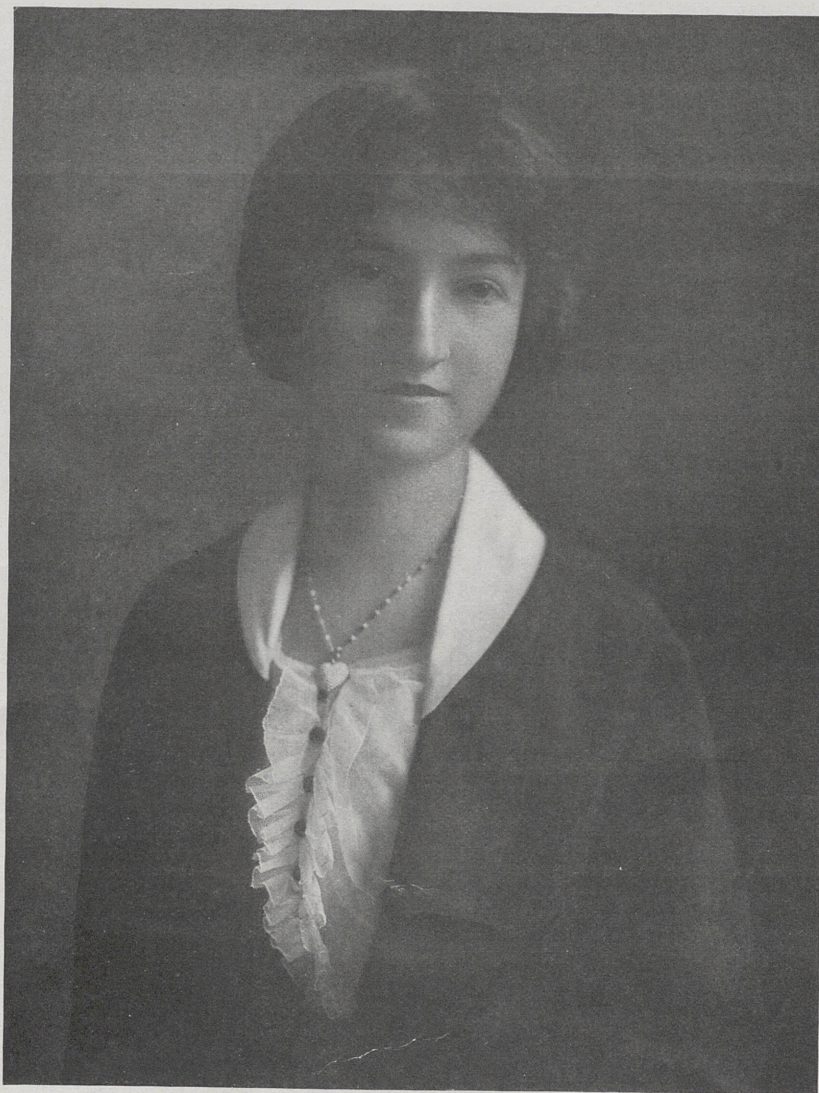
Del Monte is always popular with Southern Californians and each week sees quite a contingent of the local folk motoring northward to that picturesque playground. Among the many from Los Angeles and nearby cities who made Del Monte their mecca this last fortnight were Mr. and Mrs. Albert Cheney and their daughter, Catherine, who plan to pass the remainder of the season there. They are all good swimmers and will enjoy the plunge as well as the golf links. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Leeds of Los Angeles, Dr. and Mrs. Guy Cochran and Mr. and Mrs. Nivins are also there for a month of swimming and golf. Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Goodwin of Los Angeles motored to the northern resort, alternating golf with many wonderful auto trips to the many picturesque spots in that vicinity. Pasadenans who are passing the entire summer months there include Mrs. W. R. Staats and her daughter, Miss Helen Staats. Mrs. J. A. Macleod and children, Dr. and Mrs. R. Schiffman. Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Schiffman and children, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Scoville and Miss Barbara Scoville, R. S. Steward and the Misses Marcia and V. Steward are also among the Pasadena guests.

Miss Margaret Biggar and Miss Virginia Biggar, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Irvine W. Biggar, of Los Angeles, have returned from a delightful visit at Hotel del Coronado, where they were the guests of Mrs. Robert Keith, and her daughter, Miss Frances Keith, of Kansas City, Mo.

Mr. and Mrs. James Calhoun Drake recently motored to Santa Barbara. They will be away a week or ten days.

Mrs. Robert P. McReynolds, of Los Angeles, is in Coronado with her two children, Robert and Alice McReynolds. She is planning to be away several weeks.

The Misses Eleanor McGowan, Marion Wigmore, Louise Hunt, Eleanor Workman, Dorothy Lindley, and Beatrice Finlayson, are some of the members of the younger set who are interested in the Needlework Guild. When the United States entered the war, the local Needlework Guild with its extensive organization effected through twenty years of work, turned all its energies to the making of a complete Military Base Supply, and the more than five thousand garments now completed indicate they will without doubt accomplish their purpose. This supply consists of every imaginable sort of a garment that would be used in a hospital from bath robes, nightingales, pajamas and surgical stocking to napkins, pillowcases and sheets. And just now the Guild is endeavoring to get several thousand Comfort Kits. Material for these kits are supplied the members, who in turn make them and then fill them at their own expense, with buttons, needles, pins and such little things as every human needs. The Guild finances itself entirely. A ten cent weekly sacrifice from



MRS. CHARLES KEMMLER JR.

Who is visiting her father and mother, Col. and Mrs. Charles Rivers Drake at the Hotel Virginia



many members and friends enables the Guild to pay for all materials used, so that they supply the garments free to the members doing the sewing. The systematic way in which the work is handled would delight the most methodical business man. Expert clerks have installed a complete book-keeping, checking and card system. Every garment is recorded when given out and returned, and each sewer is held responsible for the garment. Under this system, not one garment has ever been lost and a report at the end of each week keeps the Guild thoroughly informed. The Guild will clear its work when the Military Base supply is completed, through the Red Cross and the Navy League.

Over five thousand garments made for the soldiers since April 19, is the record the Needlework Guild has made, and this organization is now finishing over one thousand garments each week. This means many willing fingers have been flying busily and effectively.



SOCIETY GIRLS PACKING GARMENTS FOR OUR SOLDIERS

#### PIERROT INCONSTANT

Moonmotes pale and purple skies above  
The poplars dark reflected in the lake.  
Now comes a shy Pierrette and fond to slake  
The first, fresh ardor of her burning love.

And Pierrot hot-eyed romps along the sand,  
Where die the ripples at the lake's blue rim,  
With merry song on lips, guitar in hand,  
And filled with expectation to the brim.

Long has he curbed the seething flame within,  
This maker of a hundred scandals mad.  
Pierrette he deftly stole from Harlequin.  
Pierrot, you wanton, trouble-making lad.

No husband's lock too sure for you to pick—  
No wife too sacred for your sportive wiles—  
No maid so knowing that you cannot trick  
With your heart-melting, soft, alluring smiles.

Limpid your great round eyes of velvet-brown.  
That glint with laughter or that brim with tears.  
Lover of half the guilty wives in town,  
Wise as a serpent for your tender years.

Now comes shy, sweet Pierrette alone,  
Rosily blushing to your earnest glance;  
Yet for you many eager arms out-thrown  
To clasp you in your mocking arrogance.

Here trusting Pierrette of one love-swept hour,  
Yielding the flower of her maidenhood,  
Craftily caught and in your wily power  
Within the glory of the moonlit wood.

Though wives aplenty, yet you virgins seek  
Where steals the odor of the fragrant breeze.  
Soon you will leave wan Columbine and weak,  
Lying half-fainting 'neath the poplar-trees.

Moonmotes pale and purple skies above  
The poplars dark reflected in the lake.  
Now comes a shy Pierrette and fond to slake  
The first, fresh ardor of her burning love.

W. V. W.

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# NOTES AND HALF-NOTES

By. W. FRANCIS GATES

**T**HIS is the time of year to get opera news. The press agents are glad to tell what their companies will do—and sometimes, what they won't do.

For instance, Fortune Gallo, the live wire of the San Carlo opera company, and our own Charley Davis, announce that their company will sing an engagement in New York City at the Forty-fourth street theater, beginning September third. This is the first time that company has been heard in new York, though it has made a good success in "the provinces, don't you know", for several years.

Then there comes the semi-annual announcement of the Bracale opera company. It evidently has its notices typewritten in advance, and hands out number one in the Spring, to the effect that it will play the Pacific coast in the Fall; and notice number two comes out in the Fall, regularly, to the effect that the Bracale company will not play the Coast cities. And yet there does seem to be a Bracale company, according to reports from South America.

Also comes the announcement of the filing of incorporation papers of the "American Grand Opera Company" in Albany, N. Y. with a capital stock of \$500,000—it does not say how much is paid up! The directors are stated to be the following: Reginald De Koven, Lee Shubert, John Philip Sousa, Charles W. Cadman, Ola B. Campbell, John Alden Carpenter, George W. Chadwick, Frederick S. Converse, Arthur Farewell, Henry Hadley, Edgar Stillman Kelley, Percy Mackaye, William J. McCoy, Max Rabinoff, Joseph Redding, Gert-rude Seilberling, Helen Steele, and David Stevens. It seems to me there is too much musical brains in that bunch to make a business of it. It would show more probability of success if the directors were Messrs Einstein, Klawmann, Schusanoff, Rick-enheimer, Goldstein and Eichelberger;—that would "sound a lot more financial."

Creatore also announces that he will break into opera producing and conducting, October 15. He claims to have engaged a company of good singers, and then selected a standard repertoire. If Creatore keeps up the antics in the opera orchestra with which he enchanted the public as a band Conductor, he can get along without a chorus—the people will keep their eyes on the conductor's coat-tail so firmly that they will not miss a chorus.

But more important to Los Angeles is the announcement that the La Scala opera, organized by Messrs. Behymer and Berry, will begin rehearsals in Los Angeles or San Francisco in a few weeks and will open in Los Angeles early in November. Among the principals will be Maggie Teyte, Giuseppe Guadenza, the tenor, and Ester Ferrabini (Jaccia) who was heard here with the Lombardi company, I think it was several years ago. Her roles are Carmen, Tosca, and Thais. An announcement to follow will show other well known names in the cast. Later the Boston opera company will arrive, under the management of Max Rabinoff. The coast tours of the two companies will be arranged so as not to conflict. It is expected that the La Scala company will play as far east as New Orleans, which ought to be a good field, now the French opera there is defunct.

It is stated that Maggie Teyte will sing in the City of Mexico before coming to Los Angeles, and that the opera there is financed by the Mexican government. Also, one reads in the dispatches of the same day, that the said government does not know where to look for money to run itself from one day to the next. Evidently the press agents got their stories a bit mixed. They ought to hold a community music session, and arrange this matter of finances. The dispatches didn't say whether Maggie is to be paid in Villa pesos or Carranza pesos—but then that doesn't matter; one is worth about half a cent a bushel, and the other seven cents a bundle.

**T**HERE is one feature in which Germany, France, and Russia are far ahead of America; and that is in the artistic culture of their men of affairs. Statesmen, professional men, and men of large business affairs do not consider it beneath them to have an understanding and appreciation of art. But in this country, the professional man or business man who knows anything of art, for instance, who knows and enjoys good music, is rare. But there are such men. To my mind come the names of Judge Walter Bordwell, Seward Simons, Drs. Lobingier, Livengwood, Emmet Wilson, Bridge, Adams, Ambler, and Visscher; Charles F. Lummis, A. W. Francisco, Will Chapin, John G. Mott, J. T. Fitzgerald, W. J. Dodd and C. M. Wood; and of course others, if one took time to recount them—men who are seen at the best concerts, and know how to appreciate them.

Of these mentioned above, Seward Simons, a practicing attorney, and a cousin of the late President McKinley, not only finds time to write and speak in behalf of good music, but has taken the presidency of the local Community Music Association—which, if it doesn't do great things, can thank only the climate and the automobile, a combination which is too much, even for a Chautauqua.



Steckel

SEWARD SIMONS

Well known writer, speaker and president of the Los Angeles Community Music Association

**O**NE of the largest publishers of music and musical literature in the East, wrote me not long ago that he had discontinued the publication of literature about music, for the reason that the musical public did not want information, and would not buy books about music.

Evidently there are other publishers who are not of his opinion; among them the house of Houghton and Mifflin, which has issued a collection of articles by Thomas Whitney Surette, which he calls "Music and Life". In one sense, the musical field is a fertile one for the essayist, for its laws have no court to enforce them, save public opinion—which is of a decidedly minute quantity—and its aesthetic customs are so vague and so subject to change, by habit, era, and geographical environment, that, altogether, the author has an unfenced field in which to roam. Mr. Surette does not assist the popularity of his work when he opens with an essay on "What is music?" That will not interest a large public. Most people think they know what music is—even though they know little or nothing on the subject. Then comes a more practical chapter on music for children, and another on public school music. This has food for thought as he shoots a dart at those who are proceeding on the usual public school lines.

In his essay on community, too, the writer has a lot to say that well may be read by those who are interested in the promulgation of popular singing, and musical taste, *via* the road of "Old Black Joe" and "America".

When we come to his chapters on opera, and on the symphony, we arrive at his best work in the book. These well may be read by the whole musical community—but they will not be, for the dictum of the first publisher quoted comes into play. Yet there is a certain limited range of professional and amateur musicians, who will find pleasure in Mr. Surette's conclusions, and the smooth diction in which he states them.

**C**LYDE COLLISON, a new member of the faculty of the College of Music, U. S. C., gave a recital in the Summer school on the ninth inst, in which he presented a piano program of no light weight, including the Beethoven Appassionata sonata, the Shumann Scenes from Childhood, two Chopin numbers, and a closing group from Shumann and Liszt. Mr. Collison recently received the degree of Mus. Bach. from this school; but in spite of these drawing attractions he has enlisted in the hospital service, and will put his musical nature to more practical, though less aesthetic uses.



## C. VAN LOAN

(Continued from page 12)

The man on the desk says curtly, "You're too late with your offer. That man died last night."

Part of this story is true. The special writer existed, he came to Denver for his health, and wrote his stories there. And when he became too ill to work, several men on rival papers banded together and wrote his stories for him, without his paper knowing that he had stopped work. This went on three months until he died.

Mr. Van Loan discourages the attitude that fiction-writing is different from any other extremely workaday profession. He is suspicious of any but the business viewpoint. When talking of that phase of his craft he at once takes the defensive.

"It's a business, a business," he will say. "Just like any other business. Absolutely a commercial proposition. Nothing else. You get up every day and work. That's all. Inspiration has nothing to do with it."

Mr. Van Loan is not alone in this attitude. Sinclair Lewis, Old Irv Cobb, and George Randolph Chester talk the same way. There are two reasons for it, I believe. The first is that it is partly based on truth. The second is a natural reaction from anything considered a pose.

Inspiration and Renaissance, Art, and Tagore, have been so talked about and "at," both at teas and women's clubs, so that a self respecting American author just has to emphasize what he considers the masculine side of his work. And the boys who live in perfumed studios, and wear their hair long, and their ideas short, have just about killed inspiration. That's what they write on—inspiration and their cuffs.

This is all very hard on Inspiration. And really what has the poor girl done that no one will associate with her? She's not such a bad sort.

Yet Irvin Shrewsbury Cobb has been known to rise in public places and say apropos of story writing.

"I believe in perspiration rather than inspiration."

Undoubtedly perspiration plays an important part in our often human lives. Physiologists give it its place, though I'm told, that among our best people, the subject is considered a bit indelicate.

But any of the world's greatest short stories could have been turned out without perspiration; and not one of them could have been written without inspiration. How now, Mr. Van Loan, how now?

A great many stories printed in our magazines certainly don't get within bowing distance of inspiration. More's the pity. but The Desk Job, and all the others of Charles E. Van Loan's best yarns, show presence of the stuff.

Enough of this controversy. Mr. Van Loan talked of war stories. "I haven't written any," he said, "and the reason is very simple—I don't know anything about the war. I always make it a rule in writing stories to stick to the subjects I know. Never get out of line. If you do, and there is one man in the world who is able to call you, he'll be sure to read your story. Then he'll write to the editor and say, 'The man who wrote that story doesn't know what he's talking about.'"

Although Mr. Van Loan writes about movies, he does not write for them. He is kept too busy doing articles and stories

for magazines to have any time left for scenario writing. But a number of his stories have been filmed. And he is the man who made the moving picture cowboy famous. His Buck Parvin is as famous as Tarkington's Penrod, or Irwin's Japanese schoolboy. And he and Lardner have both done their bit to make baseball fiction the popular thing it is. Mr. Van Loan is an artist in slang.

Let's close this article with a social note. Mr. Van Loan is at Yosemite now; he planned to leave the day after I talked to him.

"It's my first trip," he said. "Like all true Californians I've avoided the place heretofore. You can always tell the native son by the fact that he never visited the Yosemite. In the same way you can tell a real Arizonan. He has never seen the Grand Canyon."

"But I'm going to splinter the tradition. I'll be gone two weeks."

So, as the society editor would say, Mr. Van Loan has gone to the Yosemite in search of recreation and—inspiration.

## GOLF GOSSIP

(Continued from page 23)

## THURSDAY, SEPT. 6:

Morning—Second round in all flights of sixteen and defeated sixteens and eights over eighteen holes.

Afternoon—Open for foursomes.

## FRIDAY, SEPT. 7:

Morning—Third round in Championship and Del Monte Cup flights over 18 holes. Semi-finals in all flights over 18 holes.

Afternoon—Semi-finals in defeated sixteens over 18 holes. Finals in defeated eights over 18 holes.

## SATURDAY, SEPT. 8:

Morning—Semi-finals in Championship and Del Monte Cup flights over 36 holes. Finals in all defeated sixteens over 36 holes.

Afternoon—Continuation of morning rounds.

## SUNDAY, SEPT. 9:

Morning—Finals in Championship and Del Monte Cup flights over 36 holes.

Afternoon—Continuation of morning rounds.

## MONDAY, SEPT. 10:

Afternoon—Consolation Handicap over 18 holes.

Afternoon—Mixed foursome over 18 holes.

## SCHEDULE FOR WOMEN

ANNUAL DEL MONTE CHAMPIONSHIP.  
All matches in Women's Tournament will be over 18 holes.

## TUESDAY, SEPT. 4:

Morning—Qualifying round over 18 holes.

## WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 5:

Afternoon—First round in Championship and all other flights.

## THURSDAY, SEPT. 6:

Morning—Second round of Championship. Semi-finals in all flights of eight. First round in defeated eight of Championship.

## FRIDAY, SEPT. 7:

Afternoon—Semi-finals in Championship. Finals in all flights of eight. Semi-finals in defeated eight of Championship.

## SATURDAY, SEPT. 8:

Morning—Finals in Championship. Finals in defeated eight of Championship.

Afternoon—Consolation handicap over 18 holes.

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and Eagle Brand has shown by sixty years of successful use as an infant food that it possesses many advantages not available in any other form of cow's milk. It is easily digested, and easily prepared. Then you can be sure of getting it when you want it.

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EAGLE  
BRAND  
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MILK  
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An "Eagle Brand" Baby

## Mileage

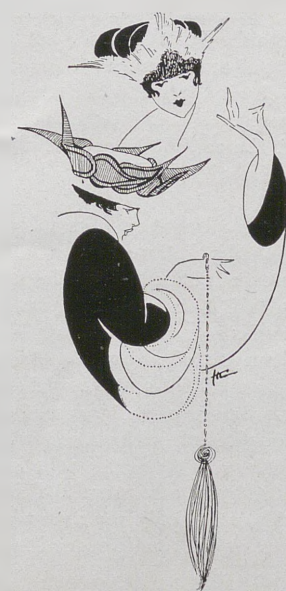
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# SOME RECENT BOOKS

By JO NEELY

*"If I were to pray for a taste which would stand me instead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading."*

MRS. RICHMOND'S very charming books are sometimes just a trifle too innoxious to interest readers who have passed the "bread and butter" stage, or even the "salad days," but such may not be said of "The Whistling Mother," which is a small book of very rare quality, told in the inimitably natural boyish style of a college lad who enlists in the army while in his junior year, yet feels he must go home for at least a few hours to say good-bye. Throughout his boyhood his mother has been his chum and comrade. She was, so he tells the other fellows, "better than womanly, she was all that meant, too, but she was 'sporting.' Why, hadn't she taught him to golf and row and drive a car, and she could even whistle like a blackbird; and now that he needed her courage, would she fail him?" And she did not—

It is a big little story full of simple beautiful courage with much more to it than its rather few pages would seem to hold.

A war time book, and yet a book of wondrous peace—a little life story which draws its being from a woman's wondrous bravery and triumphant patriotism which enables her to smilingly send her son to bravely do his bit in helping to make the world "safe for democracy." ("The Whistling Mother," Grace S. Richmond. Doubleday, Page & Co.)

CHRISTINE" by Alice Cholmondeley sheds floods of light on the temperament of the Prussian people just prior to and during the first few days of the war. The introduction to this book is heartbreaking in its pathos, and stirring in its dignified, simple and sincere appeal to the better side of human nature. If the fact of Christine's death makes the reader want to shut himself up in his closet and weep; what of the feelings of the poor bereaved mother that wrote it? The mother tells us that Christine had rare talent, and the girl's letters tell us that she had an exquisite and delicate soul. Her fresh, quaint point of view, her wondrous capacity for loving first the mother that bore her, and later the German officer that wooed and won her, has that deathless quality that renders love the great miracle of all time. When one has laid aside the book, one knows why England is determined to win this war or die in the striving. Each nation of the Entente should read "Christine," for it is printed in letters of fire to hasten "The Day" when the Junker shall bite the dust and the German people shall have the chance for the first time in fifty ruthless, wanton and lustful years to become freed men and freed women. Too long have they lagged behind in the procession of civilization that is slowly marching toward the light. I am thankful to have known Christine, and I owe one sad mother a debt of gratitude for giving me a chance to realize the beauty and nobility of the soul of her child. Bernd, in all probability, has passed into the Great Beyond. Let us hope that he will find his Christine in his new state of consciousness. "And though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." Christine, Bernd, and Alice Cholmondeley gave their bodies to be burned, and as all three had charity, great is the profit thereof. ("Christine" by Alice Cholmondeley. The MacMillan Company. New York. Bullock's.)

WE ARE loathe to make such a statement calmly and coldly, but 'tis a sad truth that it is only very occasionally that we have a really big novel come out of our "ain cuntry." However it almost reconciles us when the rule is proved by such an exception as "His Family." In it we have a marvelously clear portrayal of the most complex scenes of American life with all the faults, foibles and frailties of modernity narrated without caustic cleverness, and the real truth and beauty of human life interpreted without saccharine gush. The characterization of Roger Gale is a masterpiece, from the time of his early manhood when he goes to New York fresh from a New Hampshire farm, until having seen more than three score years of life, he is called to the Great Beyond and finds death indeed a "great adventure". Briefly, he is a wonderful exemplification of Plato's teachings that only in a man who lives in the absolute good do the appetites and desires fulfil their normal function,

the forces of spirit, daring, and courage attain their end, and reason becomes nobly wise and potent over the course of life. The differentiation of the character of the three daughters is almost uncannily clever, yet each is drawn with such precision and naturalness that they fairly breathe through the pages of the book. We do not have to try to believe in these people; *they are*, and "they are of such stuff as life is made of." ("His Family" by Ernest Poole. MacMillan Company.)

MANY who are reading eagerly from day to day accounts that come from across the Atlantic of doings at the Front, revert to the period over half a century ago when this country was in the throes of a similar struggle. They are well versed in every phase of the Civil War, and find there analogies for present events. For instance, may Verdun be called the Gettysburg of the great European War? How far did the conditions furnish a just parallel? It may be conceded that Verdun was the supreme effort of the German forces to push through the French line to the capital, just as Gettysburg was the high-water point reached by the forces of the Confederacy in their drive northward. In both cases the drive was definitely checked; and armies hitherto accustomed to victory began a different record. For the considerations of such questions a well-written narrative of the War of Secession by such an expert as Dr.

Rossiter Johnson is greatly to be welcomed. His view point is in a measure a comparative one. "In that sorrowful chapter of our history," he remarks at the close of his introduction, "there were twenty-four hundred military engagements of sufficient consequence to bear a name; and the loss of life was a daily average of four hundred for the four years. The purpose of the present volume is simply to set forth clearly such of the greater events as either constituted turning points, or distinctly advanced or retarded the general movements toward the end."

The material is not massed under chapters, but under separate headings. In the penultimate discussion, "The Measure of Valour," Dr. Johnson states that "No comparison can be made with the losses in the great European War of 1914, because both the weapons used and the methods of attack are widely different. In the War of Secession there were no machine guns, no cannon so powerful as those now in use, and only a very few repeating arms or even breech-loaders. The use of wire entanglements was invented in that war, but was resorted to only to a limited extent. No poisonous gases were thrown against the enemy, and airships had not been invented. There were submerged torpedoes, some of which wrought damage; but the only submarine torpedo boat was sent out by the Confederates against the ships blockading Charleston harbour. This made three futile attempts, sinking to the bottom with its crew each time. Still there were volunteers, and when it was once more recovered and sent out it reached its mark, but it went down with its victim."

The volume is furnished with a series of excellent maps and three portraits: Lincoln, Grant and Lee. (The Fight for the Republic. By Rossiter Johnson. Putnam.)

VALUABLE colonizing material came across the Atlantic in the early years of the eighteenth century, when Germany was suffering from the predatory French soldiery of Louis the Fourteenth. The immigrants were good Protestants, mostly from the Palatinate, and travelled here by way of London, where Queen Anne, who sympathized with their troubles, helped them to secure passages and reach their destination among friendly Indians. Some of the records of these early settlers have been preserved by their descendants, and Elsie Singmaster weaves them into a readable and fascinating narrative. Her hero, young Conrad Weiser, while still a boy in the village of Gross Anspach, got hold of tales of the wonderful red men, who lived in a country where all sorts of vegetables abound, and peaches and cherries grow like weeds. Finally the whole family leave their old home and travel by way of Holland to London. The camps provided for the refugees by the government were crowded and poorly furnished, and their hopes of a speedy voyage were growing dim, when four Indian chiefs, clad in striking native costume, appear on the scene. These men have an audience with Queen Anne, and bring their German friends with them. The later story of the hazardous trip of the Weisers

(Continued on page 31)



Frontispiece from "The Whistling Mother"

By Grace S. Richmond



# PLAYS AND PLAYERS

## "CINDERELLA MAN AT MOROSCO"

IF YOU are young, and happy, and in love, "The Cinderella Man" will delight you; if you are old in years, but with the love of youth and romance still in your heart, he will make you young again. If time has filched your hair, or turned it white—or worse, if he has frozen your heart—beware! "The Cinderella Man" and his Fairy Godmother will melt it utterly; by the magic of young love, dauntless dreams, laughter and tears.

We play so seriously at being grown up, and wickedly blase; we flaunt the mask of worldly wisdom. But there is not one of us who, in his heart, does not carry the spirit of youth; not one who does not warm to the thrill of pure romance. Is there one of us who is not wistful to believe in good fairies, who, with a child's simplicity does not long for the triumph of youthful love, over sordid forces of the evil geni—Disillusionment? If you doubt, go to the Morosco theater, and listen to the waves of spontaneous and sympathetic laughter that "The Cinderella Man" calls forth in the struggle of youth and love against New England winter, New York conventions, and other ugly demons of the universe.

If you never dreamed dreams, never knew the miracle of first love, with its dizzy heights of happiness and its wordless consecration—never, in short were young—"The Cinderella Man" will show you what you have missed. More likely it will serve to remind you of the brightness of blue skies, and the fragrant winds that come singing to you in memory of early faith, and hope, and love-strong daring. You will forget to be ashamed of your weakness for romance; you will forget Double Standards, Problems, Wars; realizing that they have been bad dreams, in the face of the eternal reality of sunshine, and bird-song, and youth.

The story? It concerns a lonely little girl, Marjorie Caner, (played by Miss Minna Gombel), heiress to the millions of her father, a King of Commerce; but to none of the love of his heart. Across the snow-covered roofs that join the supercilious windows of the Castle of the King of Commerce to the impudently shabby ones of a cheap boarding-house, the light from a freezing attic shines out; in the attic a lonely boy dreams, and wraps himself in newspapers when the fire of Inspiration fails him. A Princess and a "Cinderella Man", both young, both lonely, and neighbors; they are separated apparently only by a sweep of roof, but actually by the invisible, impregnable walls of a dollar princess' castle. How can the walls be scaled? A little song of the magic key that opens the castle gate and— But who could be so base as to spoil a fairy tale?

The work of the players merits high praise. The production can be compared not unfavorably with the original New York offering, in which Miss Phoebe Foster charmed Metropolitan audiences for many months. The present offering approaches the high standards set by original presentation in many particulars, and in some of the action the New York production is improved upon.

Miss Gombel's work is pleasing; she is youth and charm itself, maintaining the daintiness and refinement of spirit that is one with the Fairy Princess. She has a happy capacity for presenting lovely stage-pictures with graceful unconsciousness. Yes, verily, Miss Gombel joins with Maud Adams in convincing us that there are fairies—if we ever doubted.

The work of Richard Dix falls far short of the standard set by Miss Gombel. In the original production the part of Anthony Quintard, "The Cinderella Man", was made thoroughly lovable; more that of the artist youth, impractical, charming, imaginative. Mr. Dix misses the delicacy and radiant warmth that the character should convey. He too often bursts the fairy fabric of charm which Miss Gombel weaves, with a sharp, hard brilliancy which should be converted into whimsical humor. Yet Mr. Dix succeeded in leaving an impression of real boyishness and youthful sincerity—there was no doubt that his audience found him entertaining.

One of the biggest moments in the piece, played by Miss Elliott and Richard Dix, was hopelessly marred. It came in the third act when the ugliness Vulgarity of the world, in the person of the Great-She-Bear, (played by Miss Elliott) broke upon the fairy world of the attic. The moment is essentially pathetic, even tragic; but it was reduced to the vulgarity of a brawl, utterly defeating the purpose of the episode. It was accepted as low comedy by the audience, and greeted with laughter; while proper handling would have given the scene its true dignity, and exacted sympathetic silence.

Aside from that part of her interpretation, Miss Elliott's work was highly satisfactory. The real character work, however, was done by Elmer Ballard, who plays the pathetically humorous role of an old man-of-all-work—he has been a "gentlemen's gentleman". Mr. Ballard's interpretation is appealing, being but the least of those happy features that mark "The Cinderella Man" as a cleverly handled and artistic production.

## ORPHEUM

DEFENSELESS America has once again been invaded by the hula-hulistic Hawaiian, this time, by natives who seem to have an inkling of respect for our aesthetic sense. Princess Kalma, at the Orpheum, although she cannot gain distinction as a hula dancer, can, to say the least, entertain us with native songs and scenes. Her act, "Echoes of Kilauea", is merely an echo, and has nothing or originality. The setting is pictorial and at the last, spectacular, as Hawaii's fiery mountain is shown in eruption. The Princess's dance is absurd and is nothing more than a series of squirms and wiggles perpetrated with such speed that the naked human eye has difficulty in following the movements. The rest of the company is composed of several excellent masculine

manipulators of the long-suffering uke and steel guitar, which, together with the hula, are about the only conception of fair Hawaii most of us have. Nearly all recent Hawaiian music has been spoiled by an over-addition of syncopation which entirely detracts from its dreamy appeal, but, for once in our life, we are permitted to hear Hawaiian as she should be sung. William Kao has one of the best baritones we have heard on the Orpheum. The tenor, B. Keoni, can almost sing, and actually could if he would only get rid of his disagreeable mannerism of mouthing his words. The bass, Henry Haka, is excellent, and Joseph Kekuku, who is said to be the originator of the steel guitar, is splendid and gives a truly tuneful performance.

Those two prime joy purveyors, Harry B. Watson and Jere Delaney have in "Rubeville" a vaudeville extravaganza de luxe. Usually the rural types seen on the two-a-day are so burlesqued as to be pitied, but Watson, as the proprietor of the Rubeville general store, not only tickles our risibilities to the point of near physical exhaustion, but gives a characterization that we can really laugh, and not scoff at. The music is quite a surprise, for one does not expect to hear anything more than the Chicken Reel played on a piping horn or a squeaky fiddle, having seen and heard so many "rural" stunts in vaudeville. Instead we have true melody, sweet, appealing, and popular. In fact it is something new, and we give the band credit for playing "Underneath the Stars" in tango time, a way we have never heard it heretofore. Thomas Westbury, the cello soloist, is a true artist. It is to be regretted that he is forced to characterize an old man, as his youthful features are only accentuated by the ill-fitting white wig and grease paint "wrinkles". Jere Delaney as the breezy agent of the 'greatest show on earth' is great. His dancing is

spontaneous and dynamic, and he is as light on his feet as a healthy young jack-rabbit. In addition, he is an excellent young drummer, and, in consideration of all his good qualities and his pleasant smile, it is to be feared that he is headed straight for the ranks of the matinee idol, if he is not already entrenched there.

Hugh Herbert's sketch "The Prediction" is as kosher as anything bearing the trade-mark of Zangwill, Bruno Lessing or Sophie Tucker. It is different and incorporates a new idea in vaudeville stagecraft, which at first rather puzzles us, though in a moment we get used to it and rather like it. Mr. Herbert gives a refined and careful performance, and has the distinct advantage of being able to play Solomon Stein as he intended him when he wrote the playlet. Samuel Fries as the butler is almost as good as the star. His make up is convincing, and he never once forgets himself. Guy D'Ennery and Blanche Douglas have but little to do, but they do it well and appear to good advantage.

"Motor Boating" is hardly worthy of the name. We do not feel that either, or any, of the actors have ever been any nearer a motor boat than the inside of an upper berth of a Pullman will allow, so poor is their conception of this supreme outdoor sport. The diver's suit we would call a pretty poor imitation of the real thing, and would suggest that it immediately be referred



MISS EMMA HAIG

Whose beauty and talent will attract many to the Orpheum this week

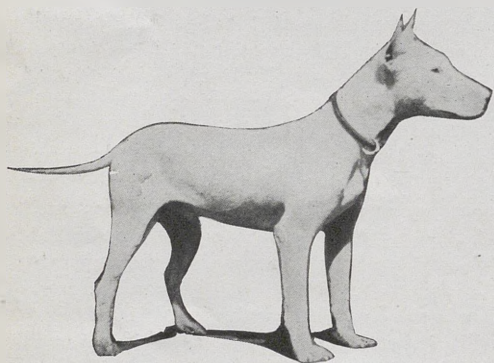


# KENNEL COMMENT

By R. C. HALSTED

**P**ROBABLY the closing fixture on the Coast for 1917 will be the benefit show of the Golden Gate Kennel Club to be staged on the 14th and 15th. of December in San Francisco. The American Red Star Animal Relief, a sister charity to the Red Cross, and organized about a year ago at the direct invitation of Secretary of War Baker, is to be the recipient of the proceeds. During these months of sober thought, when mothers give sons to a cause which is not of their choosing, when the pick of our nation's manhood responds to the call of Old Glory, when those left behind are heart-sick at the parting, it is well that we make use of our talents in helping one or another of the war charities. The Red Cross naturally commands first position in importance; and by the generous and kindly auspices of thousands of workers, tender mercies are constantly being provided for the human sufferers; but we also have other sufferers to consider. They are the four-footed involuntary heroes, who cannot voice a protest, but are required to do and die with the rest; and for the alleviation of their suffering was born the American Red Star. The war destroys thousands of horses and mules per month. By the establishment of base hospitals about every eight miles along the various fronts, providing them with competent veterinarians, farriers, attendants, medicines, ambulances, etc., it is said, by military officials, that a large percentage of these animals could be rescued and returned to the service. This illustrates the fact that the work of the American Red Star has a strong economic value to the government, as well as the value of its humane accomplishments.

Mr. Irving C. Akerman, president, and Mr. Alex Wolfen, vice-president, secretary, and treasurer, (aside from that he doesn't belong to the club) are



ENGLISH BULL TERRIER

"Wildfire Cinder" owned by Mr. F. W. Paget, Manager Angelus Hotel, Los Angeles

responsible for this show. They are gentlemen most highly respected by the many fanciers who have attended Golden State in recent years, and they are to be complimented for promptly recognizing the needs of the Red Star, and holding a semi-annual show in its interests. It is appropriate that the dog shows be given for such a charity during the war, and it is the duty of the exhibitors to patronize them as far as possible.

The man who only owns one hat, we modestly refer to ourselves, has been invited by Mr. Ackerman and Mr. Wolfen to return to San Francisco after the Los Angeles event, in November, and assist them with the December show. Keenly remembering our most happy affiliation with Golden Gate, in May, we could not refuse.

The matter of judge, or judges, has been left for the last, for the reason that that most delicate subject is as yet—well, let us say—unannounced.

We requested Mr. O. F. Vedder, western representative of the American Kennel Club, to express his views on judging. In the following letter he throws the spot light on the ring.

## JUDGING AT DOG SHOWS

The manner of judging dogs at an American Kennel Club show is more or less difficult, for the inexperienced to understand, and sometimes even the veteran dog show exhibitor is at a loss to comprehend the decisions of a judge. There are a few things, however, a judge must be consistent in, if he meets with the approval of even a majority of the exhibitors. Dogs are judged in competition with others, on form, condition, and action; and as far as possible in conformity to the standard of type of each breed, as formulated by the different specialty dog clubs; which standards are recognized by the American Kennel Club as binding upon the judge. The breeding or pedigree of a dog does not enter into the contest in any way in determining its merits, as far as the judge is concerned. Quite often a dog of inferior breeding will beat those of the bluest blood; while dogs of unknown pedigree have scored very high in the judging ring.

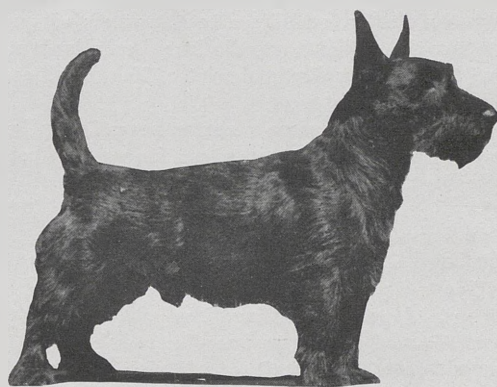
At best, all standards of type can only in a general way be explicit and definite; and will always be susceptible of divergent and conflicting interpretation. When due allowance is made for individual opinions that prevail about dogs of any breed, one can readily understand how one judge places a certain dog high, and another perhaps, equally competent, looks at the same dog on a different occasion, and quite radically reverses the judgment of the other. It is not surprising, therefore, that it is almost impossible to get even two men, of equal knowledge and experience, to agree as to the points that show the superiority of one dog over another of the same breed. Realizing this fact, how absurd and inexcusable are the contentions of some exhibitors in their criticism of judges who have failed to make awards to suit their individual opinions. Claims impeaching the integrity, and questioning the knowledge of judges in regard to dogs they have been selected to pass upon, are usually made by those who have been misled by unfounded rumors, or whose knowledge concerning any breed is invariably open to serious doubts.

The seasoned show ring contenders have learned from experience that uncertainties are the rule, rather than otherwise, in the show ring, and are prepared to make due allowances for all the factors to be considered, and rarely impugn the personal honor of the judge, however far he may vary in his decisions from their own judgment. Indeed, those who have survived many battles in the show ring, are seldom found bitterly railing against the judge. They take their defeats, however disappointed they may be, outwardly good-naturedly, realizing that up one day, and down the next, gives the true zest to the game after all; and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, if a real mistake has been made in the judging, it was an honest one on the part of the judge. Men and women who are constituted to look at the matter in this light are the ones who stay in the game, and in the end, extract out of it the full measure of excitement and enjoyment.

## LONG BEACH

This week brings the benefit show of the Bay side Kennel Club at Long Beach. On Thursday, Friday and Saturday at the Municipal Auditorium will be staged the fifth annual event of the above mentioned club. This year the affair is given under the auspices of Mrs. Anita M. Baldwin and the entire earnings of the show are to be donated to the American Red

Star of which Mrs. Baldwin is the leader in Southern California. Mr. Harry B. Hungerford of Chicago is to judge all breeds and while his ability as an all-rounder is generally accepted he will be new to the ring in this part of the land. It is to be anticipated that the fancy will turn out en masse to see him work and also with a friendly critical eye, watch for the upsetting of any dope marked in the official books by his judicial predecessors. Mr. Hungerford is every



SCOTTISH TERRIER

"Albourne Bombardier" owned by H. M. Robertson, Lamanda Park, Cal.

bit a gentleman and possesses an eye for a dog without which inherent quality no judge can be lastingly successful.

The largest number of entries in one breed this time goes to the Cockers, defeating the Bostons by two dogs; third place falls to the Airedales with Bulldogs and Frenchies tied for fourth place. There are five smooth and nine wire Fox Terriers, which is very encouraging to the lovers of that grand old breed. For some time past these most capable little working dogs have not been plentiful on the bench and considering their true worth it is gratifying to see renewed activity in that quarter.

In total number of entries the Bay side show this summer compares most favorably with the 1916 event which, speaks well for the condition of the game during war times.

Our friend Mrs. Rosenberg, editor of the Western Kennel World, in the last issue of that journal makes the following comments on The Graphic. We thank her for the implied compliments therein and add that our most sincere good wishes are with her for the safety of the four boys she has given to fight for Uncle Sam.

"Dick Halstead is now kennel editor for the Los Angeles Graphic, a copy of which has just reached our desk. If Dick has as much trouble in reaching his own column as our folks had he'll lose his eyesight. The kennel department is well to the rear and to reach it the reader runs the gamut of pretty girls from a dream of a blonde in a green and plum bathing suit, lovely neck and shoulders and, and—hocks, followed by Miss Doris Collins and a Russian wolfhound, winners both. And there are Society beauties and Beach beauties and Moving Picture beauties and a Russian artiste with dangerous eyes all before the kennel department is reached. This is good and well done of course. And we just know that Dick is resolved to be very diplomatic and careful and all that and not get into the newspaper duels so common to other kennel editors. We hope he is lucky for he's as popular now as a Liberty, Bond and that's pleasant!"



## SOME RECENT BOOKS

(Continued from page 28)

across to New York and the experiences of Conrad among the Indians of Schoharie, is excellently well told. No better reading could be put in the hands of young people who want to know about the settling of our country. ("The Long Journey." By Elsie Singmaster. Houghton Mifflin Co.)

**BONI & LIVERIGHT, Inc.**, is a new firm which has recently entered the publishing field to issue "The Modern Library", a series of beautiful hand-bound books, dainty and artistic as to bookmaking, having most excellent typographical features and a list of titles which will include the best in modern literature, and also the standard classics of all time that are of universal interest. Belle lettre, philosophy, drama, poetry and fiction are included and although originated but a very short time, a goodly number of excellent titles are now ready, with many more in preparation for early publication. Among the authors whose writings are included in the titles now ready are Kipling, Shaw, Wells, Maeterlinck, Meredith, Oscar Wilde, Hardy, Moore, Ibsen, Anatole France, de Maupassant, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche and Dostoyevsky. As more titles are added, readers will be given in "The Modern Library", not only copyright books, but books that have not hitherto been issued in America or translated into English. The advance in paper and other book-making commodities have brought about an almost universal raise in prices, especially in leather bound lines, so that this new output at the modest price of sixty cents per volume will be welcomed warmly by book-loving book buyers and book-buying book lovers.

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"The Straight Road"—Anonymous, Doran; "Where Your Treasure"—Holman Day, Harper; "Summer" Edith Wharton, Scribner's; "Literature in the Making", Joyce Kilmer, Harper's; "Chocolate Cake and Black Sand and Two Other Plays", Cauldwell, Putnam.

## MODERN EDUCATION

**THERE** is a lively discussion in educational circles on the actual worth of what might be termed the old-style curriculum. This argument has waxed particularly wrong in the eastern section of the country where Dr. Abram Flexner's pamphlet, entitled "A Modern School" created a sensation among the "old school" pedagogs.

One of the best exceptions which has been made to Dr. Flexner's arguments was published in the New York Times by Julian W. Abernethy and we quote as follows from his article:

The pamphlet by Abraham Flexner entitled 'A Modern School,' issued by the General Education Board, is an important document that should be examined with a strict searching of hearts by all educational administrators. It is a revolutionary document, containing a vigorous presentation of hostility entertained by a certain type of educational reformer toward the established principles of education. If Dr. Flexner is right in what he says in this pamphlet, then those who are responsible for education here and in all other civilized countries are wrong in what they are doing. Manifestly, this is an issue of far-reaching consequence; moreover, the issue is sharply drawn and cannot be ignored and ought not to be neglected. Special importance is attached to the pamphlet, as an expression of the principles of the new education, because it is put forth by an eminent educator accepted as representing the opinions

held by that institution. Although the General Board disclaims any promulgating the theories of Dr. Flexner, nevertheless his pamphlet is sure to assume in the public mind the nature of an authoritative propaganda. Therefore it is exceedingly important that educators should examine with more than usual care the radical doctrines to which the Education Board ostensibly, even though experimentally, stands committed.

"Much that Dr. Flexner says in the way of criticism and rebuke of the established educational system is pertinent and suggestive, and will be welcomed by all earnest educators. Much more, however, of his pronouncement is characterized by the excess that seems inevitable to the zeal of the professional reformer. Dr. Flexner is more plausible than reasonable; his prejudices are but ill concealed beneath a goodly-seeming expression of judicial candor. But his central idea is clearly exposed, and shines forth luminously throughout the essay. To his mind, the present system of education—its ideals, standards, and purposes—is fundamentally and totally wrong; an effete institution out of place in a democracy of material thrift, and fit only for the scrap heap of outworn and useless instruments of civilization. His main theme is fully implied in the title of his essay. Everything that does not fit into his conception of a 'modern' education is ancient, worn out and worthless.

"The arguments by which the general proposition is maintained are somewhat more ingenious than conclusive. For example, Dr. Flexner discovers that in the examinations of the College Entrance Board for 1915 75 per cent. of the applicants failed to make 60 per cent. in Cicero and Virgil, and that the results in algebra and geometry were about equally shocking. 'It is therefore useless to inquire,' he concludes, 'whether a knowledge of Latin and mathematics is valuable, because pupils do not get it.' Hence these subjects should be cast out of the curriculum. The major premise of this argument is so sweeping as to take one's breath away, namely, that all subjects in which pupils fail to make at least 60 per cent. in the examinations are worthless subjects. As if we were to argue that flesh-making foods are to be accounted a failure because so few fat men are seen in the streets.

"Again, we are informed that 'languages have no value in themselves,' that 'they are valuable only in so far as they are practically mastered.' Just what "practical mastery" of Latin and Greek would be is not made clear, but because this indefinable and illusory goal is not attained, or is not attainable they are useless! 'We egregiously fail to teach Latin,' he says, therefore, Latin is not worth teaching! But there is another reason quite as cogent. 'Neither Latin nor Greek would be contained in the curriculum of the Modern School—not, of course, because their literatures are less wonderful than reputed to be, but because their present position in the curriculum rests upon tradition and assumption.' That is to say, these literatures are not only just as wonderful as they are reputed to be, and therefore presumably just as valuable as they are claimed to be, but, like condemned criminals, they are found to be branded 'traditional,' and for this reason alone deserve to be cast out."

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## THE MAKING OF WILLS

By ALLAN HERRICK  
(CONCLUDED FROM AUGUST 10)

THE naming of the executor—the one who is to carry out the provisions of a will—is also an important feature of wills. The duties of the executor are difficult, and of a technical nature, and of late years this field of work has practically been exempted by the trust companies. Their growth is one of the most interesting of modern business phenomena. A slight investigation will reveal some of the advantages the Trust Company has which commend it especially as executor.

First of all, it is experienced. When a friend or relative is named as executor, they are usually called upon to perform that function but once in their lifetime. They are unfamiliar with the work at hand. But with the Trust Company it is not so. They engage in the work of the Executor as a business. They are thoroughly familiar with the work; consequently they are able to distribute an estate according to the terms of a Will more efficiently and economically than is possible under other circumstances. In the second place, the Trust Company has ample capital and a deposit with the State as a guarantee of integrity. If the individual you have selected as your Executor should possibly prove to be untrue, which, while not probable, is at least within the realms of possibility, there would be some satisfaction in locking him in jail. But that would not bring back to your wife and children the precious funds which are all that stand between them and want. Usually in such cases the Executor has slight financial assets by the time the wrongs and errors are discovered. The Trust Company has ample capital, however, and so if you find them guilty of gross carelessness or the wrong use of funds entrusted to them, they may be brought to justice and the amount recovered. The fact that the money is already deposited with the State as a safeguard is an additional element of strength, which it need hardly be stated, is seldom called upon.

Again the Trust Company has ample funds on hand to meet emergencies which may arise in the disposition of the property and the settlement of an estate. It often happens that in the last illness and attendant difficulties, the ready funds at hand are exhausted. This condition may become aggravated, and the need of funds become urgent. When a Trust Company is acting as Executor, therefore, it often has occasion to loan funds to the heirs until property can be sold and business plans perfected. Loss is thereby saved to the estate through the forced sale of property, and the heirs are likewise saved much difficulty and embarrassment. In the case of an individual Executor, he seldom has funds on hand ample to meet such needs. The advancement of funds to heirs is a common practice among some Trust companies.

But perhaps the most important advantage of the Trust Company as Executor is the fact that it enjoys life in perpetuity. No matter how competent, experienced, and able an individual Executor might be, he is still mortal, and should he die while handling your estate, loss, delay and inconvenience inevitably follow. The Court must appoint a

successor for the deceased Executor; in the meantime, his own Executor comes in control of your real and personal property, which was in the hands of your Executor before his death, and before the affair is settled your estate is in one of the most intricate of legal mazes. The Trust Company does not die. Through its corporate existence it extends on from one generation to another, and herein lies its greatest advantages as Executor.

### THE DRAWING OF WILLS

Mr. Scoville, whom I have personally quoted, says you can draw a will with a pen or pencil, a typewriter, or a lawyer. The last method he says has disadvantages because you will have to pay said lawyer anywhere from ten to a hundred dollars for his service, depending upon the will, the lawyer, the high price of living, and the ethical and material considerations. Some people prefer to pay this premium, he remarks, however, rather than take the chances that their estate may afterwards pay out ten or a hundred times as much in litigation over a home-made will. He cites as authority the case of Mrs. Butler, who drew her will with her own fair hand, and in her own sweet way. The case which arose out of it was argued twenty-one times, and only stopped then because the estate was used up in payment of costs and fees.

The drawing of wills is not an altogether simple matter. One is continually bumping up against provisions of the law which seem strange and with which one is not familiar, but which appear on the second thought to be well founded.

For instance, in California it is necessary to mention children in a will. Nothing need be left them, but they must be mentioned. Thus, if a man wished all of his property to go to his wife upon his death, and there are children, he must say on his will, "I am making no provisions for my son Alfred Doe, aged 12, and my daughter Mary Doe, aged 10, knowing that my wife will do all that is necessary and proper for their care and protection, etc."

Different states in the Union have different regulations regarding Wills. Thus, in some states two witnesses are required; in others three. Some states allow women to act as witnesses; others do not. So unless one is thoroughly familiar with the laws of the state, it is pretty wise to have a lawyer draw one's will. It will not take much time or money, and the results obtained are worth the expenditure.

There is but one conclusion which can be drawn from a study of wills as they have existed since earliest times, and as they are in use today. Have your will drawn early in life. Practically all men realize the advantages of wills, but many neglect them until it is too late. "Few men, pinched with the messengers of death, have a disposing memory," said Lord Coke, "Don't wait until you are dead before having a will drawn," says a writer facetiously, "Don't even wait until you are nearly dead."

Have your will drawn early in life, and enjoy during many happy years the satisfaction of knowing that upon your death your property will be distributed

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**I**n its monthly financial letter the Farmers and Merchants Bank says of the business situation:

"Largely increased bank clearings at all of the moneyed centers of the nation would indicate that acute activity prevails. Manufacturing industries are speeded up to full capacity. The demand for all factory products is satisfactory. In fact, many manufacturing lines are simply filling contracts already made and have nothing to worry them as to disposition of output. Their chief worry is to get raw material and sufficient labor to finish contracts on time.

Business in all iron and steel products is especially active. Heavy buying by the railroads and by the government is calling for the entire production of these materials. It is almost impossible to get steel for pipe manufacturing purposes. The price of steel now almost prohibits manufacturing in this direction.

The business interests of the community are making hay while the sun shines, out of an abnormal and unnatural condition of affairs. There is no guiding star in the situation, pointing the way towards stability. The best minds are at sea as to final results. The only thing that any one can tie to is, that there are profits to be made at the present time in meeting unprecedented demand which the war has made, for nearly everything, the dealing in which goes to make up the commerce, in its largest sense, of this nation.

There seems to be no shortage of money in any quarter of the country for legitimate enterprises. The national government has advanced considerable money to various contractors on account of the contracts to be performed by them. The vast earnings of labor, the immense sums being expended by the government in a thousand different ways, is putting much into active circulation. Interest rates remain at a reasonable level for borrowers with no immediate prospect of any permanent advancement to higher rates. And yet the uncertainty of business and of financial conditions is reflected in the price of leading industrial stocks and the low level of the best bonds on the market. The fear that earnings of the former may not continue, governs prices of the industrials, while the possible shortage of investment funds controls bond prices.

"Loan rates on short time commitments seem to be preferred to long time investments at high figures."

"As indicated by the purchasing value of commodities", says R. J. Clancy, assistant to the general manager of the Southern Pacific Company, in a recent

interview, "railroad transportation is now approximately 50 per cent cheaper than three years ago and, in this time of soaring prices and increased cost of living, is probably the only product, relatively speaking, that has decreased in price.

"A bushel or sack of wheat, corn or barley, a bale of cotton or wool, a barrel or pork or flour, a ton of copper, iron or steel, will buy approximately double the amount of railroad transportation it would three years ago. This, too, regardless of the fact that during the last three years wages of railway employees and cost of capital have greatly increased, along with an increase of 100 per cent in cost of fuel oil for locomotives and an increase of from 50 to 500 per cent in the cost of railway supplies, equipment and material".

Eighty-six employees of the Pacific System of the Southern Pacific Company who left the service of the Company to enter the army or navy have been made happy by the announcement that nearly \$4,000 in bonuses will be paid them by the railroad.

By leaving the employ of the Company, the employees actually forfeited all claim to the second half of the 10 per cent bonus, which was payable June 30 to employees in active service.

Notice came recently directing that such break in the service as was occasioned by enlistment be waived, and the bonuses paid.

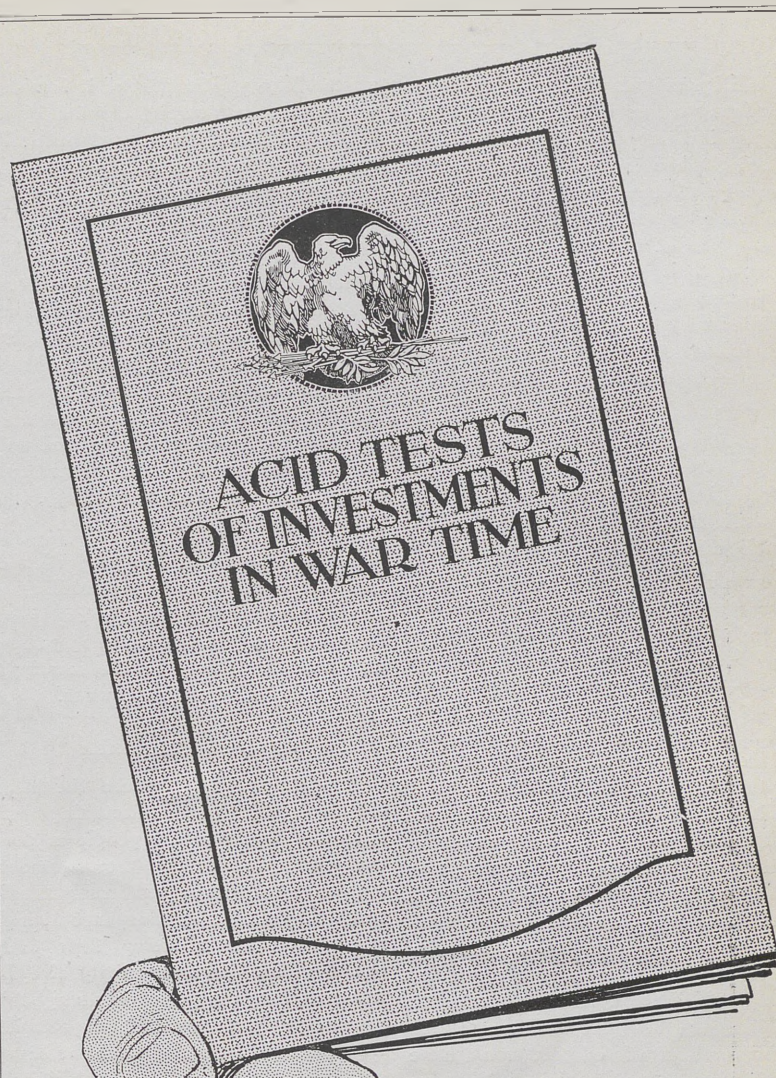
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## SAVING TO BUY LIBERTY BONDS

THE importance of educating the American public in government bond buying is being recognized, and action is being taken to organize an extensive campaign of education. Those who have spoken or written on the subject are urging people, rich and poor, to begin at once to lay aside a certain part of their earnings or incoming dividends, to be invested in the next loan. Employers are called upon to organize savings movements for this purpose among their workers.

An illustration of the workings of this has been given by Mr. Benjamin Strong, Jr., governor of the New York Federal Reserve Bank, in a recent article in the TRIBUNE. If, he says, an industrial organization employing 20,000 laborers, earning \$1200 each per annum, each could afford \$100 out of this, their employer could agree that \$8 per month be deducted from each man's pay and deposited in bank for future investment. Fifty dollars apiece in six months would total \$1,000,000. As this was being accumulated, it could be invested in the Government's short obligations, which in turn would be used to pay for the loan bonds when they were put upon the market. By this process no inflation would occur while the funds were being accumulated, as would be the case if the movement became widespread and large amounts accumulated as bank balances which, when the loan was offered, would have to be more or less suddenly withdrawn from the banks, producing contraction.

Mr. Strong divides investors in Government bonds into four classes—those who have money hoarded; capitalists and corporations with large surplus bank balances; bond buyers and investors who have credit and borrow temporarily from their banks (the least desirable of Government bond buyers); and last, the great body of wage earners and salaried people to whom the above illustration applies.

### HOARDING AS RELATED TO THRIFT

It is to be doubted whether in this country we have a proportionately large body of hoarders. Hoarding is the first crude step toward thrift, because it is an ignorant method of attempting to provide for future contingencies by putting away present funds.

The Far East has always been the most fertile ground for the cultivation of hoarding (a crop, however, which rarely sprouts); and untold millions of gold and silver have been buried through the centuries and still lie untouched in that ancient soil.

But the war has awakened even the oriental world. A part of the last English war loan was undertaken to be raised in India and the result has been most satisfactory—over \$130,000,000 having been already subscribed. The Statist thinks that this will induce the Government of India to provide, whenever possible, means of investment for the saving classes in India, which will be profitable to the country and will wean the body of the natives from the wasteful habit of hoarding. India hoards every year a large sum—an average estimated close to \$54,000,000 per annum. "This hoarding is pure

waste. The greater part of it furnishes ornaments for women; a smaller part is locked up in treasuries. But practically whatever becomes of it, it is waste. It returns no interest of any kind to those who hoard, and consequently it continues the great poverty of the people."

In Egypt, with a good cotton crop and high prices, the people have been hoarding on a larger scale than usual and, being unable to get gold, they have taken to hoarding notes of the National Bank of Egypt, resulting in an enormous extension of the circulation of the Bank, which is ordinarily not higher than \$5,000,000 (one million sterling), but is now in excess of \$100,000,000.

As has been said, the proportion of hoarders in this country is small. Our people have always been a happy-go-lucky lot, as a whole, blinded by present overwhelming plenty to the seemingly far-off possibility of future want.

### PROGRESS IN ECONOMY

It is interesting to note the effect of the great war undertaking here upon the habits of the people in their everyday purchases. For instance, eggs are a semi-luxury and many people think they are an extravagance at high prices, and are reducing their daily consumption. An over supply of eggs, it is said, has been placed in storage this year at high prices, with the expectation that the export demand would be heavy as it was last year, but Great Britain has advanced far in economy and English people have made up their minds to get along with fewer eggs. "Over there it is a matter of necessity," says a dealer (in the New York Herald), who looks for lower prices here, "but in this country it seems to be a matter of principle." The high prices in butter are producing a similar effect and people are cutting down its use. The HERALD quotes the west side brokers as saying that there is an excellent chance of cheaper salmon this year, as it is the year of the big run of Puget Sound and Fraser River, which comes every four years and should provide about 2,500,000 cases more than last year, when the supply was about equal to consumption.

### SUPPLIES IN STORAGE

Twenty-five per cent of the coal mined each year in the United States is wasted (Bureau of Mines). There are this year in cold storage in this country thousands of pounds more than last year of beef, smoked beef, pork, lamb and poultry—in some instances 50 per cent more. Prices on nearly all these things, however, have advanced very materially, notwithstanding the extra supply, due to the price of grain used in the manufacture by natural process of these various meats.

Because the harvest, on the whole, this year promises to be abundant and because stored supplies, especially of meats as above quoted, are larger than last year, an impression may be produced that there is no use of conservation of foods. As it is, the urgency of passing the Food bill is not generally recognized. But that a practical, efficient working control of food is one of the most important moves for war success, must be impressed upon the people widely.

## PLAYS AND PLAYERS

(Continued from page 29)

### ORPHEUM

to the rubbish heap along with a great deal of the ensuing dialogue. The imitation of the how-they-do-it-in-the-movies stuff is no such thing, and we might be mistaken as to the purpose of this time-wasting rot were we not plainly told what, and how it all is. The feminine contingent of the act is fairly good to look at but terrible to listen to. The male party with the cleft palate voice is a comedian above the ordinary and constitutes the whole act.

Countess Nardini is an accordeoniste par excellence. She is vivacious, winsome, and overflowing with music. Her little way of murmuring, as if to herself, snatches of the popular airs she plays is both original and captivating.

The Orpheum always retains the acts that bear the best stamp of public approval, and this week the holdovers are exceptionally good. El Cleve and O'Connor in "A Bit o' Scotch", which, by the way possesses almost nothing of the name; Harry Carroll in some of his song hits; and Julia Arthur in her propaganda, "Liberty Aflame" continue to please and justly help to round out a ripping good bill.

THE Orpheum announces nine big acts on its bill opening Monday matinee, August 20; one more than the usual quota. But the quality is not sacrificed; it merely means that the eastern houses are opening early, and calling for attractions, so it is necessary to shoot them through faster than usual. The incomers are headed by George White, long recognized as one of the stage's best and most agile and versatile dancers, and his lovely partner, Emma Haig, in one of the biggest hits in the beauty line ever turned out of a "Follies." They promise a lot of innovations and delightful exhibits of Terpsichorean art, plus stunning costumes. Bert Melrose, the international clown, returns with his bunch of tables and chairs, and his nonchalant air. Nick Hufford and Dell Chain are black in countenance, but fair in intent to please in their own peculiar style of blackface merriment, in which both are recognized masters. The Three Jahns are European delineators of types "in a corner in vaudeville." The holdovers are the rousing "Rubeville" act; Princess Kalama, and her Hawaiian act; "Motor Boating" with Tom McRae and Countess Nardini; and the accordeon specialist.

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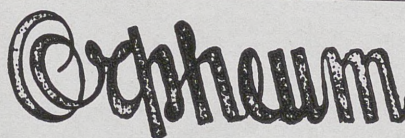
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Pathe Semi-Weekly News Views

### Miller's Theatre

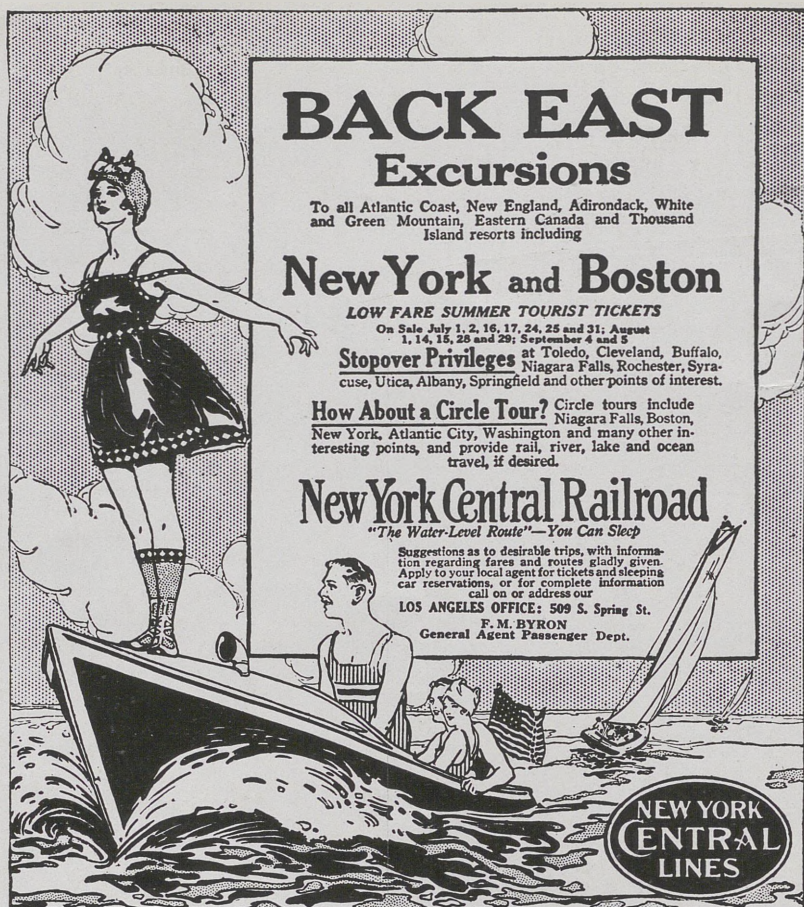
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